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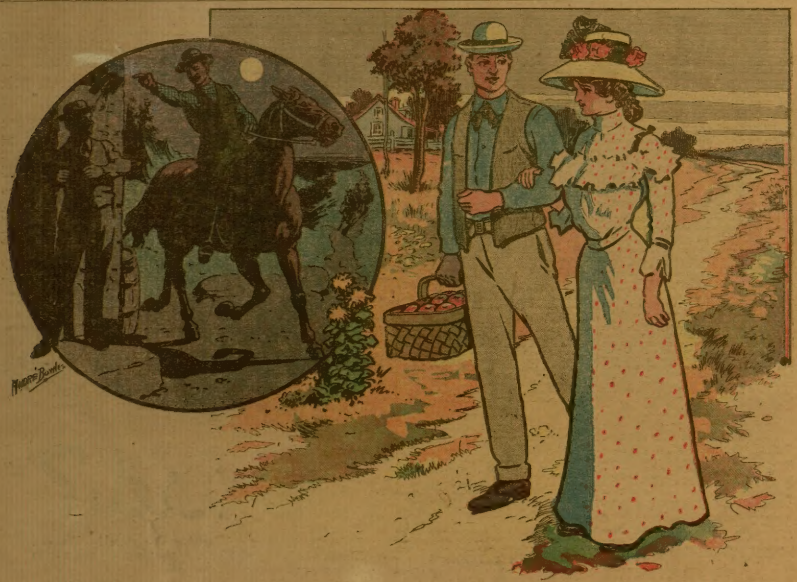
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 48. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



Mary Graham's Choice;

Or, THE GUILT OF STEPHEN

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER I.

STEPHEN'S PROMISE.

IT WAS a beautiful afternoon in June. The old gray farmhouse was bathed in golden sunlight. In one of the upper rooms a woman lay on a bed beside the window, looking out at all the beauty of the June day. There was an indefinable yearning, a great pathos in her sunken eyes and her pale lips were quivering.

"It is such a beautiful world!" she murmured. "And very soon my eyes will close upon its beauty forever." A quivering sigh passed over her lips. "And I am dying. My life will go out with the setting of the sun."

She turned her head wearily on the pillow and closed her eyes as though the thought of the world she was so soon to leave had become painful to her.

Suddenly through the open window came the sound of a child's happy laugh. Margaret Pearson started and a look of anguish passed over her wan, white face, upon which the gray shadow of death was gathering. She opened her eyes and turned again toward the window, lifting herself with a great effort upon her elbow and gazing out with straining gaze.

A swinging bridge spanned the creek, upon the other side of which was the village nestling at the foot of the mountain.

A colored boy, about 15 years of age, was crossing the bridge carrying in his arms a little 5-year old boy, whose curly, golden head glittered in the sunlight. The child was laughing gaily as the darky moved in such a manner as to cause the bridge to swing widely from side to side. The darky's dusky face and black kinky head formed a quaint and striking contrast to the fair, pretty face and bright head of the little boy.

The dying woman looked at the child for a moment with a world of passionate yearning and unspeakable pain in her eyes, then fell back weakly upon the pillows with a moan.

"Oh, my child, my little child," she murmured, "death would not seem so hard, so bitter, if it were not that I must leave you. You are so young, so helpless, and, alas, my poor little one, you are your father's child. If you inherit his nature you need a stronger nature to watch over and guide you."

Lying in the shadow of death, Margaret Pearson's thoughts went back to the love called Mountain Creek. Her parents had died, the old homestead was heavily mortgaged and Margaret found that she must support her child and herself.

Margaret Stanhope had married Ernest Waverley when she was a girl of 19 and he was 22. Both came of old Virginia families, with the blood of blue blood, but very little money. They were both desperately in love with each other, and for a time Margaret was blissfully happy. Then came the awakening and Margaret found that her idol had feet of clay.

She could no longer blind herself to the fact that her husband was weak, selfish, unstable, dishonorable, untruthful.

She struggled desperately against disillusionment, for Margaret was a woman who could not love where she could not respect, and this she well knew. But in spite of her struggle, disillusionment came. She realized that she had loved an ideal that existed only in her own imagination, and I, when two years after her marriage, Ernest Waverly fell ill of typhoid fever and died, it was for her not dead that Margaret wept rather than for her husband as he really was.

Upon her little, year-old boy Margaret concentrated all her affection. But with that love and the joy and comfort the child afforded her was always the fear that the boy might inherit certain attributes of his father.

A year after her husband's death, Margaret went to teach school in the town called Mountain Creek. Her parents had died, the old homestead was heavily mortgaged and Margaret found that she must support her child and herself.

The most prosperous man at Mountain Creek was George Pearson, a farmer. He was a widower with one son named Stephen, 8 years of age. The boy was a pupil of Margaret's and his father very often brought him to the school house.

George Pearson fell in love with the pretty young widow, and, after a time, asked her to become his wife. And Margaret, very weary of the struggle to gain a livelihood for herself and child, married George Pearson. He was her inferior in station, he could boast of no blue blood, he was plebeian, he had very little education, but he was one of Nature's gentlemen, manly, upright, and honest to his heart's core, and she respected him and had a quiet affection for him. Her married life was peaceful and happy, but it was destined to be very brief. Six months after his marriage, George Pearson was drowned in attempting to ford the creek one dark night when the water was high and swift from several weeks of rain.

Margaret was again a widow, but this time in very comfortable circumstances.

Three years passed and then Margaret was taken ill. There was some organic trouble, the physician declared. Margaret had never been a very strong woman, consumption set in, she grew steadily worse

until that June afternoon when Margaret realized that her hours on earth were numbered.

As she lay thinking, with closed eyes, the door opened and a dark-eyed boy, about 12 years of age, came softly into the room and timidly approached the bed.

"Mother," he murmured, as he stood beside the bed.

Margaret opened her eyes and a faint smile passed over her lips at the sight of the boy.

"Is it you, Stephen?" she said, weakly.

"Yes, mother," the boy replied, as he stood looking down upon her, a blending of tenderness and trouble in his great dark eyes.

Stephen's mother had died at his birth and the entire wealth of love and care which he had known previous to his father's second marriage was that bestowed upon him by Aunt Mandy, an old coloured woman who had nursed his father before him.

Stephen had been strongly attracted by the pretty school teacher from the first. He had never known any one just like her before, so dainty, so self-centred. His own ingrained loneliness with her attentions to her little son, Ernest. When this father and the pretty school teacher were married Stephen felt sure she would buy in the world. And from the moment that she stooped and kissed him, and asked him to call her mother, Stephen loved her with every fibre of his childish heart. He was not a demonstrative boy, but Margaret knew that he loved her. She also knew that she could trust him implicitly, for he never told her an untruth nor did one thing that was wrong.

"Do you feel better to-day, mother?" he asked, as he stood beside the bed, looking anxiously down upon the white face, awed by the grim shadow of death in it.

Margaret slowly shook her head.

"No, Stephen," she replied. She paused, and then added: "I shall never be any better in this world."

The boy started and his face grew pale.

"You're going to die, mother?" he half whispered.

"Yes, dear," Margaret replied, very quietly. "It is best that you should know, for I shall be with you now only for a very little while."

Stephen began to tremble, while great tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He had never remembered to have seen him cry before and her heart went out to him in pity and tender love.

"I know that you love me, Stephen, and that you will miss me and grieve for me," she said, softly.

The boy gave an affirmative movement of the head. He was struggling to keep back his sobs and could not speak.

"Poor boy, Stephen," said Margaret. "I want you to listen to what I am going to say to you. I want you to make me this promise and then death will not seem so hard."

Stephen wiped away the tears on the sleeve of jacket and stood quietly attentive.

"I am going to leave my little boy, Ernest, in your care, Stephen," the dying woman continued. "Promise me that you will make his happiness and welfare your first thought, your first care in life, that you will be patient and forbearing with him under all circumstances, that you will stand between him and all sorrow, trouble and evil. Promise me this, Stephen, and death will not seem so hard."

"I promise, mother," said Stephen, unhesitatingly, with no premonition of what it would cost him in after years to keep that promise.

A long sigh of relief left the dying woman's lips.

Stephen was only a boy, but she had great faith in him. She felt sure that he would always remember and keep the promise he had made. Perhaps had she known at what cost he would keep that promise, she would not have asked it of him, for she was a generous, just and considerate woman, and it is a question whose heart was wrung with anguish at the thought of leaving her little child.

"Kiss me, Stephen," she murmured. "And then bring Ernest to me."

Stephen bent over and pressed his lips to her cheek, the coldness of which frightened him, though he bravely suppressed any signs of it. His heart was heavy with pain as he turned from the bed and went quietly from the room. But the thought of the promise he had made brought with it a ray of comfort. He would still be able to do something for her even though she would be gone.

Margaret turned her eyes again to the window.

The sun was setting and the blue and white of the sky had changed to crimson and gold which were reflected in the dancing waters of the creek. Shadows were beginning to creep up the mountain, hiding themselves in the golden radiance that bathed the top. The cows were coming slowly home from the pasture fields with a tinkling of bells.

The dying woman lay very still, looking out while the gray shadow deepened on her face.

Once her lips moved and she murmured: "With the setting of the sun."

CHAPTER II.

"MAMMA HAS GONE TO SLEEP."

In the big kitchen of the farmhouse, Aunt Mandy sweated her work with a very grave face, pausing often to shake her white, woolly head and sigh.

"De mistis, she ain't long fo' dis heah worl'," she murmured, as she placed a pan of biscuits in the oven to bake. "I done seed dat in her face dis mo'nin'. She warn't here long 'fo' she went to de Lawd's reasss. And, now, that's only dem two chillun left and nobody fo' to look arter dem but ole Aunt Mandy. Stevie, he am de grandchile oh my ole mams, and, natrully, I sets a lot ob store by him. But I lubs dat lil' Ernie a pow-ful lot. And as fo' Sam, why dat nigger plumb crazy 'bout dat lil' chile. They day comes now ober de swingin'-log-bridge, pausing at the window, with a tender look stole over her dusky face. "Jes' listen to dat chile a-talkin. Po' ole ca'f cant lamb wid his po' mammy up stars a-dyin'."

She turned from the window and went back to the stove to inspect her biscuits. A few moments later her grandson, Sam, and little Ernest entered.

"Oh, Aunt Mandy, me and Sam had such fun!" cried little Ernest, running up to the old darky, while Sam stood with every white tooth in his head gleaming in a broad grin. "And me so hungry," added Ernest.

"Dis heah chile looks lak de pictors ob de good Lawd's angels," Aunt Mandy was thinking, as she looked tenderly down upon the fair, little face with its innocent blue eyes, from which all trace of sorrow was eclipsed. "All right, honey," she said aloud. "Aunt Mandy done hab some nice biscuits in a lil' while."

"Fun! I have honey on 'em, auntie!" asked Ernest, eagerly.

"Yaas, honey. And den you gwine up stairs fo' to see yo' mammy, honey," and Aunt Mandy laid her hand very gently on his head.

"Me wish mamma would dit well," said the child, thoughtfully, stooping to lift a little white kitten that was rubbing against his leg and purring. "Me don't like to 'tay up stairs. Well my mamma be pretty adin when she dits well, auntie? I love my mamma best when she's pretty."

It was a moment or so before Aunt Mandy replied.

"Ya'as, honey, I reckon yo' mammy gwine to be purty soon," she said, at length. "What you standin' dar gittin' such an idjit fo', you Sam?" she cried, turning fiercely upon the boy, who stood there furtively wiped the tears from her eyes. Ernest stood at the window, looking out the window seat with the white kitten in his arms, and Sam was in the act of pulling dem tar cows home," added Aunt Mandy.

"Don't you want come 'long, Ernie?" Sam asked, in a whisper, for he had been told them thar cherries am nigh 'bout ripe down in de orchard."

Ernest reflected.

"Me will," he said, at length, with an air of decision. "Me rudder have hot biscuits and honey dan cherries."

Aunt Mandy chuckled as Sam went out with a cruet-filled air.

"Dat chile don't know mighty well what he wants and he's gwine to hab it, I 'spects," she said, as the door closed behind him.

"Aunty," he said, "mother wants you."

"Me doin' to eat my biscuit first," declared Ernest.

Stephen stood by quietly waiting until the child had eaten the biscuit and Aunt Mandy had wiped his mouth and hands. Then he took little Ernest's hand and led him from the kitchen and up the stairs.

At the bedroom door he paused and said:

"You must be very quiet and very good, Ernie, so as not to disturb mother. She's not poorly, you know."

"Me ain't doin' to 'tay long," Ernest declared. "Me doin' wiv Sam to milk the cows."

Stephen opened the door and entered the room with Ernest.

The room was filled with a crimson glow from the setting sun. One golden gleam lay across the silk quilt on the bed.

Ernest dropped Stephen's hand and ran toward the bed.

"Mamma!" he cried, "mamma!" The next moment Stephen had held up a warning finger to Stephen. "Hush! don't make a noise. Mamma has gone to sleep."

CHAPTER III.

MARY.

Eighteen years later.

A girl was crossing the swinging bridge carrying a basket on her arm. She was very pretty, with rich auburn hair, dreamy brown eyes, a creamy complexion, with pink cheeks.

In the middle of the bridge she stopped and looked down into the creek. It was a morning in the latter part to September, and though the leaves of the creek were beginning to take on the rich tints of autumn while here and there the goldenrod made flakes of color. In some places the creek was so narrow that the branches of the trees on either side of it were interlaced, forming natural arches, their green leaves touched with crimson and gold.

The girl lingered for some moments fascinated by the beauty of the scene, then she turned and left the bridge, walking along the bridge and down the steps to the road on which the farmhouse was situated.

A big stalwart darky, who was cutting wood at the side of the road, came down his axe and came forward to open the gates for her.

"Good morning, Sam," she said in a sweet girlish voice.

"Good mo'nin', Miss Mary," the darky replied, touching his cap. "I reckon you's gwine down to de mountain, honey, to chase at her basket.

"Yes, Stephen said that we could have as many apples as we cared to use," declared the girl.

"Jes' give me yo' basket, Miss Mary, and I'll fill it fo' you while you go inter de house and rest. I 'spects nobody thar but granny," he added, as she hesitated. "Miss Stephen and Ernie, dey done hoe out in fiel's helpin' to cut co'n."

"I'll go in and have a little chat with Aunt Mandy." Mary said, as she handed him her basket.

Sam looked after her reflectively as she went toward the house.

"Miss Mary, she's jes' am pooty," he said to himself. "Mist' Ernest, he dade in lub wid her. I reckon she's in lub wid him, too, fo' dat matter. I 'spects as would help lubin Mist' Ernest of he done tried to make 'em. I do wish dat boy would git married and settle down. I'se mighty fear he gwine to git hisself into trouble of he keeps on dis a-way."

Sam sighed and then he was troubled no more on his self, for he was off in the direction of the orchards.

Mary Grant was the daughter of the village postmaster and had lived all the years of her life in the little Montalia Creek. She and Ernest Waverly had been girl and boy sweethearts, and it was generally believed in the village that they would, in time, marry.

Mary found Aunt Mandy in the kitchen preparing dinner.

"Ah, dat you, Miss Mary, honey?" she exclaimed, as she turned from the cooking stove to greet the girl with a smile and an admiring glance. "You'se lookin' mighty pooty dis mo'nin', wid yo' cheeks de color ob blush roses and yo' hab lak de color ob de leabs out dar that am besginnin' to tu'n. Come right in and set down. Miss Stevie and Mist' Ernest, dey'se out in de fiel's cuttin' co'n."

Mr. Sam told Mary that," said, as she came forward and seated herself on the kitchen bench near the stove, "and that I came for some apples. Sam has gone to get them for me."

"Any news in town, Miss Mary?" Aunt Mandy asked, as she deftly turned the crackling cakes of corn bread in the skillet.

"No, I think not," Mary replied. "There is seldom anything happening at Mountain Creek. Yes, there is news, by the by, I way," she added. "I had forgotten. You know his been suspected for some time that there's illicit distilling on the mountain," Aunt Mandy nodded. "Well, it's being whispered about in town that the revenue officers are going to make a raid tonight on the old distillery on the mountain. If's there the distilling is thought to take place. The revenue officers hope to catch the moonshiners in the act."

"Humph! serve 'em right, too!" ejaculated Aunt Mandy, indignantly. "I done wid 'em ef dey cotch 'em, Miss Mary?"

"They will be sent to the penitentiary for some years," the girl replied, rather listlessly. "The revenue officers have been at the postoffice several times, questioning father. But father has no suspicion who is doing the distilling. They've been very clever so far in escaping detection."

"It am a long lane what hab no tu'nin'," remarked Aunt Mandy, philosophically, as she gave a tu' to a bad thing fo' anybody to do. I reckon dem moonshiners gwine to 'cepin' dey kin gwine some berry good reason fo' bein' thar," she added, with a chuckle.

"I reckon they will be able to do that," declared Mary, with a smile. "I feel very sorry for the poor mountain people, for their hearts of the men who are caught on the mountain distilling, and more grievously, "Ya'as, it am gwine to be bad fo' dem," Aunt Mandy remarked, shaking her head. "I dis heah worl', de innercent allers got to suffer fo' de onnary goin's ob oder puseons. Jes' look at Miss Mary, she gwine to be gwine to teach de school dis winter. Am dat de truth, honey?"

"Yes, it's the truth, Aunt Mandy," Mary replied.

"Sho, chile, you and Mist' Ernest better be gittin' married. Dat boy lubs de bery ground you walks on, honey, 'dead an' alive. "Don't you know, Aunt Mandy," Mary said, with a smile, "that Ernest will never love me or anybody as much as he loves—" she paused with a little blush as her brown eyes as Aunt Mandy stood staring at her in astonishment.

"Who?" asked Aunt Mandy.

"Himself," declared Mary, laughing.

It was a moment or so before Aunt Mandy spoke.

"Well," the white haired old darky said, after a moment, "I'se boun' to 'low dat Mist' Ernest knows how to look out fo' number one. We'se all helped to spile him, Marse Stephen, Sam and me. Marse Stephen, he allers gave in to Mist' Ernest. Marse Stephen, he lubs him as though he war his own brudder stid ob his son, an' kin do him 'tail. That's Sam, he allers did set a lot ob stor by Mist' Ernest, he sho' do dat boy. We all done took to him when he was nuthin' but baby and his mammy home to de ole farm. He war sich a pooty chile and so winnin' lak in his ways. And he's done growed up mighty good-lookin'. I don't reckon no gal, what he done set his mine on, could help lubin Mist' Ernest," Aunt Mandy added, with a sly glance out of the corner of her eye at Mary.

The girl flushed a little and turned with something like relief as Sam entered with her basket filled with apples. She arose.

"I must hurry," she declared, as she took the basket from Sam, "or father will not have the apple dumplings that I promised him for dinner. Good-by, Sam. Good-by, Aunt Mandy."

"I wonder if Miss Mary knows dat Marse Stephen in lub wid her, too?" Aunt Mandy remarked, as the girl went out.

"How you know Marse Stephen in lub wid Miss Mary, granny?" asked Sam. "I nebber seed no sich act his he in lub wid her."

"Marse Stephen ain't one ob de kind what shows his feelin's," Aunt Mandy declared. "But I knows what I'se talkin' 'bout, Sam, an' dat's enough fo' de present."

"Well," said Sam, reflectively, "I reckon Marse Stephen ain't got no chance ag'in Mist' Ernest."

"I ain't so sho' oh dat," said Aunt Mandy, as she set about dishing up the dinner. "Dey say dat lub am blind and Miss Mary, she ain't got no eyes fo' nuthin' but Ernie and de fallin's oh Mist' Ernest."

Two young men were approaching from the direction of the orchard as Mary left the house and walked toward the swinging bridge. One of them was tall, broad shouldered, with strongly marked features and dark dreamy eyes. The other was slenderly built with a fair face almost womanish in its beauty. A weak face for all its good looks.

The rose-flush deepened on the girl's cheeks at the sight of the young men.

Stephen lifted his hat with a murmured, "Good-morning, Mary," and passed on to the house.

Ernest went up to the girl, took her hand and then walked by her side toward the swinging bridge.

"If I had known you were at the house, Mary, I would have come home sooner."

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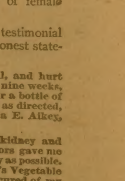

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he said, looking down into her face with a tender look in his beautiful blue eyes.

"You were much better employed where you were," the girl replied, quietly.

The young fellow laughed softly, as he bent his head lower over hers.

"I don't think you really mean that," he murmured.

She made no reply, but, as they reached the middle of the swinging bridge, she stopped and held out her hand for the basket.

"Don't come any farther, Ernest, or you will have a cold dinner," she said. "Aunt Mandy was dishing it up when I left."

Ernest hesitated for a moment, then he laughed lightly and handed her the basket.

"I don't like a cold dinner, so I reckon I had better go back," he declared.

Mary flashed upon him a quizzical glance.

"You had better make haste back then," she said, as she turned away.

Ernest went back toward the house, whistling, happily unaware of the faint smile of contempt on Mary Graham's beautiful lips.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROMISE TO THE DEAD.

Aunt Mandy sat nodding by the stove as Sam came into the kitchen.

"What time is it, Sam?" she asked, sleepily.

"Gwine fast to'ard 9 o'clock," Sam replied.

"Well, I reckon I'll go to bade," said Aunt Mandy, rising. "Whar's Marse Stephen and Mist' Ernest?"

"Marse Stephen am settin' on de front po'ch," Sam replied. "He paused and then added, 'I don't see Mist' Ernest no whars 'round.'"

"I reckon he's gone cou'tin' Miss Mary," said Aunt Mandy, on her way to the door leading into the hall. She stopped at the window and looked out. "De moon am full to-night. I wonder of dem rev'nue officers gwine to catch dem fellers up ther on de mountain?"

Sam started and turned quickly toward her.

"What's you talkin' 'bout, granny?" he asked quickly.

"Why, Miss Mary done tole me dat de rev'nue officers gwine up de mountain to-night to de ole distillery arter de moonshiners," Aunt Mandy answered, as she moved again toward the door. "And dey reckons on catchin' dem right in de act."

She passed out, leaving Sam standing staring after her with a frightened look on his dusky face.

"Oh Lawd!" he murmured. "Oh Lawd!"

He stood for a moment or so irresolute and then passed quickly out of the house and round to the front porch.

Stephen was sitting upon the step, looking quietly out at the creek, its rippling waters silvered by the moonlight.

"Marse Stephen," said Sam.

"Well, Sam, what is it?" asked Stephen.

"Marse Stephen," Sam continued, in a low voice, "de distillah ob de mountain to-night and de rev'nue officers, dey'se gwine up dar fo' to cotch dem what's doin' it, reckon."

"I am very glad to hear it," declared Stephen. "I sincerely hope that the revenue officers will get them."

"Oh, Marse Stephen, for de good Lawd's sake, don't say dat!" cried Sam, passionately. "Mist' Ernest, he am one ob 'em and he's up thar to-night, an' he done 'ceased him's'f."

Stephen rose slowly to his feet, his eyes fixed upon the darky's agitated face.

"Do you mean to say that Ernest is one of the moonshiners?" he asked.

"Yas'm, Marse Stephen," replied Sam. "De knowed 'bout it for some time. De good Lawd knows I would nebber hab tole ob dat 'ceptin' my marster hadn't what she did 'bout de rev'nue officers. I jest didn't know what to do, so I done 'cumed 'to you. I jest begged Mist' Ernest ag'in and ag'in to gun it up, but it warn't no use.

"Nebber mind that now," said Stephen. "Go and saddle Black Bess. I may be able to reach the distillery and warn them before the revenue officers get there."

"Dat's de talk Stephen, dat's so, sah," cried Sam, eagerly. "Ef you onct git de start ob 'em I reckon you'll be able to ketch up wid Black Bess. I'se gwine to saddle her right dis min't," and he walked rapidly away in the direction of the stables.

Stephen went into the house for his hat and returned. His face was pale, troubled and a little stern as he stood waiting for Sam to return with the horse. In a very little while Sam appeared leading a beautiful jet-black mare that seemed restless at the sight of her master.

As Stephen sprang into the saddle, Sam said, with great earnestness:

"I hopes dat de good Lawd help you to save dat po' misguided boy, Marse Stephen."

"Amen!" murmured Stephen, baring his head. "Now, Bess," and the black mare was off like the wind.

Stephen drew rein as they reached the ford across the creek. There had been heavy rains of late and the ford was high and swift. Stephen's thoughts went back to the night that his father had been swept to his death by that rushing water, but the fear that caused him to hesitate was not for himself, but for that other whose safety depended upon his getting safely across.

"Do your best, girlie," he said, to the mare and let her go.

The mare threw up her head and plunged into the stream. For a moment it was a supple body against the strong current.

"Good girl!" Stephen cried, as she struggled up the opposite bank, panting with exhaustion.

He gave her a few minutes to recover and then they were off again. The half mile to the base of the mountain was covered in a couple of minutes. A murmured exclamation of satisfaction escaped Stephen's lips as he saw three riders, plainly discernible in the moonlight, riding rapidly up the mountain road.

"The revenue officers!" he murmured. "I am too late!"

There arose before him the pale, wan face of a girl, who seemed again to seemed to hear the weak, pleading voice: "Do your best, girlie," and he could see between him and all trouble and evil."

A sigh, that was almost a moan, left Stephen's lips.

"I have failed," he murmured. "I have broken my promise to the dead. The man she loved so dearly is a breaker of the laws and I am powerless to shield him from disgrace and punishment. Then suddenly an eager light leaped to his eyes. "There's the old road," he cried. "It's a mile and a half nearer than the main road, it's three miles further round than this one. I might make it, however. Those fellows have fairly good horses, but Bess—he bent over his mare's head, and gave a cheek touched her glossy mane, "we must do our best to save him, girlie," he murmured.

He turned and rode along the foot of the mountain to the old road. The man for whose life Stephen never forgot that ride up the mountain. His heart ached with pain as he urged the black mare along the rough, winding road, calling forth all the speed of which she was capable. A great sigh of relief broke from Stephen's lips when they emerged upon a clearing, half way up the mountain, upon which stood the old distillery.

"We have beaten them Bess," he cried aloud.

As he rode toward the entrance to the distillery, a man came out who recoiled guiltily at the sight of him.

"Ernest!" said Stephen, and then the young fellow advanced half sullenly, half defiantly.

"Well, Stephen, what brings you here?" he asked, with an attempt at ease.

"I came to warn you," Stephen replied. "The revenue officers are coming up the road now. They will be here in the course of a few minutes."

Ernest gave a frightened glance down the road.

"This is why the others didn't come," he exclaimed. "They must have found out that the officers intended making a raid. How did you find out, Stephen?"

"There is no time for explanation now," replied Stephen. "The officers may appear at any moment." He dismounted while he was speaking. "There is but one way for you to make your escape. They will arrest any one found here. Take Bess and go back by the old road."

"But—but what will you do?" asked Ernest.

Stephen smiled a little.

"I will stay here," he replied. "Go, go at once before it is too late."

For the space of an instant Ernest hesitated, then he turned, leaped upon the mare's back and dashed away down the old road.

Stephen watched the horse and rider until they had disappeared, then he turned and looked toward the other road. The three officers of the Government could be seen approaching.

Stephen stood quietly waiting.

The conclusion of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription.

A Numerous Indian.

A member of the Canadian mounted police tells of the cleverness of an Indian. One snowy morning a band of Indians awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. The chief was dreadfully organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. Then, as the tracks of the thirty more or more, till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island.

Presently a canoe shot from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was seen. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. He was in war-paint, and at his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who had crossed the river, began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, paused about him a moment, and then deliberately entered the cave. In about ten minutes the animals came round the rocks and also went in; then another, and another, and another. The Crees lay absolutely still and waiting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last a good men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when reinforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, swam over there to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some few feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single campfire, the ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The clever Piegan thief, by making the circuit of the passage and the end of the island several times, had deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

Wanted Them Permanently.

A young gentleman of the colored persuasion had promised his girl a pair of long white gloves for a gift. Entering a large department store, he at last found the counter where these goods were displayed, and, approaching rather hesitatingly, remarked: "Ah want a pair ob gloves." "How long do you want them?" inquired the business-like clerk.

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Thus to buy groceries of us is to unite economy and high quality, and we feel sure you should be correspondingly fond of the "high cost of living." SEND TO THE NEAREST ADDRESS, as listed, and you will receive by return mail our November and December Grocery List. This involves no obligation on your part. We will send the Grocery List as soon as issued.

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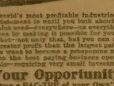

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either have ascended to or descended from the Fielding apartment through them, he promptly concluded.

If there had been a third person in the bridal suite on the fatal night, whoever it was must have come in by the door. Yet in the hotel employees' testimony was that no one was conducted to the Fielding rooms on the night in question.

It was exactly 2 o'clock when Phil Pry, in a fast touring car, drove up in front of the Philpot mansion on Riverside Drive. Miss Price joined him almost immediately.

"We're going to pursue Sing Sing," Phil said soberly as he assisted the girl into a seat beside him.

She looked up inquiringly.

"To see Mrs. Fielding?" she asked in an awed voice.

"Just that," nodded Phil, "if we possibly can."

Then the reporter proceeded to explain to his companion as they sped up the crowded drive, through the suburbs and finally out upon the road from which they looked down on the Hudson River shimmering below them in the afternoon sun, just what he hoped to effect by his visit to the condemned woman.

"To-day," he finally said as he turned over the little strand of hair which he had appropriated at police headquarters, "will belong the most vital part of this task. It will get you an audience with Mrs. Fielding but you will have to do the rest. It would be useless, I am convinced, for me to try to force any statement from her. But with these hints I have just given you I am hopeful that we may be able to develop this new idea of mine farther."

"I will do my best," said Miss Price soberly.

"I have no doubt of that," answered Phil confidently.

They found no hindrance at Sing Sing prison until they reached the cell block belonging to talk. Phil Pry's letters won prompt consideration, however, and even when a word was sent to Mrs. Fielding that a woman in the party would like to talk to see her, she looked up slowly at the messenger and said:

"I wish to be alone. Why don't they let me alone?"

"But she'll not go to her," suggested Miss Price when the prisoner's reply was brought back.

According Janet was escorted through the long cell-lined corridors and down into the secluded, quiet "death house" where three condemned murtals sat in a gray gloom behind heavy bars and watched incessantly by a guard, waiting the summons to take up the journey to the chair.

Miss Price, taken to the barred door of the cell of Mrs. Fielding, drew back in horror at the sight of the prisoner here.

The condemned woman sat on a rude iron bed, her head bowed between her knees and the hand supporting her hollow cheek. Her coal black hair and white-as-black circles about her once lustrous eyes gave them a sepulchral appearance. Her abandon of hopelessness in the whole living dishevele down her bended back.

Miss Price grasped herself to her bar.

"I have come with the purpose of helping you," she began as she pressed her face to the bars.

A full moment elasped before the prisoner made any sign that she had heard suggestion. Then she turned her tired eyes up wearily and inquired:

"Who are you that you disturb my days?"

Miss Price briefly and kindly explained that her purpose was to uncover some things about the Fielding tragedy which would clear away the mystery more thoroughly and prevent the execution of what she regarded as an unjustified sentence.

"You're kind," was the prisoner's measured response, but your efforts are useless.

"I do not believe, Mrs Fielding, that you are guilty."

"Then, but the jury said otherwise," was the low, even reply.

"But you say the kind of woman to commit such a deed," insisted the visitor, groping for some opening that would win an encouraging response from Mrs. Fielding.

"Thanks for your estimate," was the reply as the condemned woman felt back into the listless position in which her caller had found her.

"I have more than belief," Miss Price said in a voice so low that only Mrs. Fielding could hear. "I have positive evidence that another person besides you was in that room with you the night your husband died."

The prisoner straightened up and fixed glaring eyes on her visitor.

"How do you know?" she blurted. Then calming herself with a visible effort she continued: "How foolish. You're only trying to mislead me."

Yet she was stirred deeply for she rose unsteadily and tottered to the cell door, grasping her bars for support.

Mrs. Fielding, listen to me," whispered Miss Price, trying to keep her voice even. "I know two important things about the tragedy. One is that the hatpin with which your husband was killed was not handed to you."

"How do you know that? Who told you? How did you find it out?"

The questions tumbled out so rapidly that they left the prisoner panting.

"But do you not deny that what I say is correct, do you not admit that?"

"I'll not say: it's none of your business," Mrs. Fielding said quickly, as she renewed her grip on the cell bars for support.

"And there's another important fact that needs your explanation," went on Janet Price, deeply impressed by the excited but inexplicable conduct of the prisoner. She was gratified, moreover, by the fact that she had got Mrs. Fielding to talk, even though what she said was mostly negative. Even that was more than any one else had been able to get from her since her husband's death.

"What's that?" the prisoner exclaimed, pressing her chalky face closely to the bars.

"What is that?"

"You will remember that there was a strand of hair found in your husband's grasp. It was called your hair because it was the same shade. But you're not a chemical blonde, are you?"

The sudden question sent a quiver through Mrs. Fielding's agitated frame.

"Why—why—do you ask that?" she stuttered.

"Because," Janet uttered the words very slowly and impressively, "the head from which this plucked strand came"—she drew it out and held it close to the face of the other woman—"was that of a peroxide blonde. Therefore some other woman was present at the death of your husband—some woman whose hair originally dark but had been turned light by artificial means. You can plainly see the hair closest to the head shows its natural color unchestnut. Either the blonde coloring matter failed to reach this of the woman had not used it in a long time and the natural color of the hair had begun to return close to the scalp. Isn't that right?"

Mrs. Fielding looked at the strand of hair outheld by her caller as thought it were the coil and mouth of some venomous snake. She shrank away from it, putting the back of a slender hand against her eyes.

"Tell me now," insisted Miss Price, keen to see that her queries were striking some very tender spot, "tell me and have your troubles over with."

The fair prisoner's throat moved convulsively as though it was so parched that utterance was impossible. She finally managed to clear her dry lips and gasp:

"For God's sake, woman, keep still, won't you?"

"But I'm trying to save your very life," persisted Miss Price.

"But I don't want it saved," the harried woman gulped slowly.

Then her white face went even whiter, her wan hand relinquished its grip on the cell door and the dark eyes were wavering as she sank to the hard floor in an unconscious heap.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE BATTLE IN THE ROAD.

The guard who had stood near the two women throughout the interview quickly unlocked the cell of the stricken prisoner. He swung wide the cell door and hurried to the matron's warden. The matron's cell would sweep her pallid face. Then, without the ordinary treatment she failed to show any indications of returning consciousness, the prison physician was summoned. Even he worked over the sorry figure for a half hour befores a flicker of an eyelid like that animation was creeping back. When she finally opened her eyes she wildly glanced about as if in search of something untoward.

Then, hearing the guard on the worried face of Miss Price, they closed again convulsively and her features again took on a drawn, terrified expression.

"No more talk with her today," said the surgeon sharply and decidedly at Janet. "You must have given her some hard shock."

"Nothing that she did not know," was the quiet response. But no further information regarding the interview would she volunteer.

Then with the pretty assistant seated beside him, drove his auto out of the prison yard. In silence, for she got received any explanation from Miss Price as to her talk with Mrs. Fielding, she knew intuitively that all he had hoped for had not been effected.

When Janet had painstakingly described every move and look and word of the prisoner's interview, Phil smiled kindly at his companion and then said:

"Now, you don't look blue, but—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," she broke in apologetically, "I've given you that with the material I had, I would be able to break down her silence."

"Yes, that is what you said Phil, "but I wanted to get to the bottom of this case, too that I urgently did."

"I could have done better probably if she had not collapsed so completely. I'm very sorry if you are disappointed——"

"Now, little girl," expostulated the reporter, "please don't think I am showing any dissatisfaction with your work. I think you've done remarkably well," and removing one hand from the steering wheel he let it fall gently on the unplowed hand of his companion.

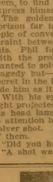
Miss Price did not draw it away, though a faint flush crawled up her creamy cheeks. Thus they drove on in the gathering dusk, down the other side of the rippling, silvery Hudson.

That was little given to sentimentality. He had received too many hard knocks in his career as a young crusading reporter, had seen too much of the underworld to give way to a burst of impulsive feeling. It was more than that which caused him now to struggle to find words with which to express the certain affection he had entertained for many months for the girl beside him. He had abundant evidences of her bravery, her goodness of heart, her gentility. They had won his regard early. It was a much deeper feeling now. He felt that he would like to tell her about it. But as they continued along the quiet road, he could not seem, to find the right words in which to express it.

The golden moon, creeping above the horizon far to the east, gave them a new topic of conversation, but there was a constraint between them that soon exhausted it. Phil found himself back mentally with the problem close to his heart. He was trying to solve the mystery in the Fielding tragedy but—he longed more to know any secret in the heart of the young woman beside him as it might affect himself.

With his eyes set on the white shaft of light projected on the road ahead of him by his head lamps, Phil was brought sharply to attention by the sudden crack of a revolver shot. It came from the road in front of them.

"Did you hear that?" he asked abruptly. "A shot wasn't it?" Janet responded.



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I control a limited number of the entire factory output for the next 60 days in order to introduce this New Thin Model $50.00 Watch. I will send it direct from factory, all charges prepaid, so that you can examine it. If watch pleases you pay me the special $17.50 and this $25.00 Guaranteed Watch is yours.
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Earn $700 to $2,000 Per Year
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Clean Burner
The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that are cheap, but there is no better lamp at any price. Constructed of solid brass, nickel plated—each a perfect lamp in every sense in any home. There is no lamp known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp for a Light. Every lamp is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Your dealer has them or can get them for you. If not, write to our nearest agency for the RAYO.
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

FREE BOTTLE

RHEUMATISM

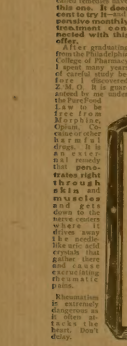
Backache and Piles

I want you to write me today for a free bottle of Z. M. O. and take advantage of this great 30-days-only test **free relief** from Rheumatism Backache and Piles.

Can you spare a dime? Not as a request—but the real merit of this famous external remedy. No matter how many other so-called remedies have failed to cure—try **this one. It doesn't cost you a cent to try it**—and there is no expensive monthly **treatment connected with this offer.**

After graduating from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, I spent many years of special study before I discovered Z. M. O. Many suffered for me under the belief that I was to be free from Morphine, Opium, Cocaine or other harmful drugs. It is an external remedy that **penetrates right through skin and muscles** and gets down to the nerve centers where it drives away the needle-like nerve crystals that gather there and cause excruciating rheumatic pains.

Rheumatism is extremely deceitful. It often attacks the heart. Don't delay.



Z. M. O., owing to its penetrating and antiseptic properties, is better than any other remedy for Piles.

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Backache or Piles, or know of a friend that will not heal, send at once for this **free** bottle.

Write a letter, or cut out the coupon below and mail to M. R. Zapel & Co., 309 Main St., Sheboygan, Wis. for a free bottle of Z. M. O.

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Please send me prepaid one bottle of Z. M. O. on thirty-day package Write FREE, and without obligation on my part.

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Get the very highest prices and the quickest returns by sending your furs to Funsten Bros. No matter whether it's coon, muskrat, mink, raccoon, fox, wolf, lynx or any other fur, we pay the most in real cash. We require and will make you free a shipping tag bearing the name of the largest fur house in the world. The biggest American and foreign buyers are represented at our regular sales, which run from January to June every year. It's the fierce competition amongst this army of buyers at our sales that enables us to get higher prices for your furs than any one else. And that's why we can pay you more, and pay it quicker.

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As an accommodation to trappers and shippers, and to encourage men to go into the trapping business, we offer to furnish best steel traps and other supplies at actual factory prices, including the famous VICTOR trap. We carry a larger stock of traps than any other house in the United States.

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"Yes, and there's another and another—a regular fusillade, in fact," exclaimed the reporter as a succession of reports broke the evening stillness. "Evidently something doing ahead of us."

Phil slowed down his machine a trifle. They were now traveling along a narrow country road, skirted on both sides by a thick growth of trees. They had but recently passed a few farmhouses from whose windows streamed yellow streaks of light, but now there was no sign of habitation on any side of them. The surroundings seemed quite desolate.

As a certainty in the firing came, Phil saw far down the highway the faint glimmer from the lights of a fast-approaching automobile. Then came the clamorous and oft-repeated "honk-honk" of its horn.

"That's for us," he said, as he reduced his pace to a crawl and drew closely to his own side of the road. He had barely got into what he regarded as a safe position when the "honk-honk" of the newcomers sounded again. Immediately a second automobile dashed into view. He could see from the flash of shots from both machines that they were carrying on a warm battle.

"Pursuit, probably," suggested Phil. "Let's look sharp as they go by and see if we can make out who they are."

They had not long to wait. Roaring along the road at a fifty-mile-an-hour suit, the foremost car came hurtling toward them, its horn sounding a continued alarm. The pursuing machine had ceased firing, evidently having come to the conclusion that it was driving and being fearful of hitting some of its occupants.

But no such fear moved the persons in the leading car. As they flashed by Phil, many of its occupants made discharges of revolvers.

"Down, quick," shouted Phil to his companion as he fairly forced her beneath the protection of the side curtain of these crazy shots may come too close."

As he spoke he slammed back the door in the limit cast by his tail lamp he beheld standing in the tonneau of the first machine a man, hatless and coatless, swinging a flashing revolver in each hand and beside him with her outstretched hand grasping a similar weapon, a white-faced woman.

For a little time the conjecture as to what the strange spectacle meant. He was sure no autoists, violating the speed laws, would put up such a daring and lawless defense against arrest. There must be some more impelling reason.

The second car, swaying dangerously along the road, drew nearer and nearer, and Phil hugged the ditch. As it swept by he beheld three men standing, revolvers in hand. The danger seemed to be over, and they again proceeded to discharge their weapons in the direction of the fleeing auto.

Phil's eye was quick enough to see, as they darted by, the glimmer of a badge upon the breast of one of the men in the second car.

"Police," he ejaculated. The word was barely out of his mouth before there came the pop of a punctured auto tire and the pursuing car came roughly to a halt. A shot from the sagittines had balked the chase.

During the excitement Phil leaped into the road and hurried toward the incapacitated car. He got up to it just as three of its occupants lifted the limp body of a fourth man from the tonneau and laid it upon the ground at the roadside.

Phil instantly recognized the trio—Captain Flynn, head of the detective bureau of the metropolis, and Phillpson and Hamer, his two shrewdest subordinates.

"What's the trouble?" asked Phil Pry, as a shot from the fleeing automobile whizzing past him one way, he dodged within the cover of the police machine.

Captain Flynn looked up sharply after glancing down at the helpless burden he had aided to transport to the turf.

"Hello, Fry, that you? What you doing up here? Some new paper lay?" the captain demanded.

"Nothing much. But what's yours?"

"Pursuit," said Flynn, curtly, as he proceeded to inspect the useless wheel

"For God's sake, woman, keep still."

of the car. "Damned tough luck, too. We've been hunting that bunch for over a year."

"What bunch?" persisted Fry.

"Why, there are the Kingdoms in the Cameron, the heart of the Black Hand bands. We've had them rounded up in a check down in the city this afternoon and raided their headquarters. We got half a dozen, but the crowd in that machine got away, the ones we wanted most, got away through a mean accident and knocked that auto. We gave chase and nearly overtook them a few miles back. When the engineer fired, we potted this fellow we just lifted out. Struck him square in the chest. But they didn't do a thing but drop him into the road. When we stopped to pick him up, they pulled away from us again. And now they've got away for good. This punctured tire put an end of the chase for half an hour. By that time they'll be well hidden."

"But what are they doing away up here?"

"Oh, they've got a secret rendezvous up here on the Hudson somewhere. We've never been able to trace it but we know they carry on the most shocking rites and have a force of desperate counterfeiting in it. The Federal Government has been trying to get at it, but has failed."

"Did you know there was a woman in the car?" asked Fry, nodding his head in the direction of the disappearing lights.

"Yes, and one we wanted to get most. That's Pauly, the queen of the gang. She's the brains of the outfit and absolutely heartless and cruel."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE.

Phil stepped to the side of the man lying prostrate in the grass.

"Why, this fellow's dead," he exclaimed as he stooped over and felt the cold, white face and then the hands and feet.

"Thought so," growled Captain Flynn as he hastened to the fallen man to remove the punctured tire and fit a good one.

"I saw the notorious queen of the Camorra you talk about," the reporter went on, "a woman standing up in the car as they swept by shooting and flourishing that with her revolver."

"Yes," retorted the captain shortly. "She's a regular devil. As keen with the gun as any man. Strong as a lion and as smooth that, though we've tried hard to get her strangled, we simply can't run her down."

"You've had a previous bout, I suppose?" queried Phil.

"Not over thirty," replied Flynn, "if she's that. And a stunner of a looker, they say that have had a peep at her. Well educated, too. Went to Chadwick College some years ago and had all the boy students standing on their heads over her. Nobody knows much about her parentage though they say she comes of a high family in Italy."

"Married?"

"Not that any one knows of, though there

CLIP THIS OUT

Valuable Prescriptions That Have Cured Thousands.

Quick Cough and Cold Remedy

Don't wait to cure a cold until you have pneumonia, consumption or some of the other dreadful results. Check it at once. This is the cure the medical profession prescribes. Mix two ounces of Glycerine with half an ounce of Concentrated Pine. Add enough to half a pint of good whiskey and shake well. Use in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours. Smaller doses for children according to age. Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can easily mix them; but be sure to get the real Concentrated Pine, as remedies in half-ounce vials packed in air-tight tin-foil cases. This treatment often cures the worst cold in a day's time.

Knocks Rheumatism

This is recommended by doctors to be one of the most effective prescriptions obtainable to promptly cure rheumatism and backache. "One ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Add these to half a pint of good whiskey (or sherry wine if it is preferred). Take a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bedtime." Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can easily mix them. The good effects of this treatment are usually felt after the first few doses.

To Cure Indigestion

A well known physician gives the formula for a wonderful digestion mixture, which quickly relieves distress after eating, headaches, belching, sour stomach, dizziness, etc., and, if used for sufficient time, will completely cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Two ounces of essence of Pepsin; three ounces syrup of Cardiguy; one ounce Catandie compound. These to be mixed in a six-ounce bottle, shaken well and used in doses of from one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime.

The Catandie is a comparatively recent preparation and may not be kept in stock by some of the smaller druggists, but he can get it very promptly from his wholesale house. This mixture is not expensive and is surely worth trying by any one with stomach trouble. In hospital work it has been very successful.

Losing Both Ways.

Judge—What is this poet charged with? Officer—Attempted suicide.

Judge—And you're attempting it and five for not succeeding.

Your Fortune Told!

Past, Present and Future All Revealed.

Wonderful Revelations That Will Surprise, Mystify and Help You.

Let me send you a test reading of your life as revealed by her stars and see how it will surprise, mystify and help you. I will convince you that there is truth in Astrology. Send me your name, the date, month and year of birth, and your full address. Will tell what portion in addition to be successful, happy and prosperous. Also wonderful revelations of the past, present and future events of the remainder of your life. If you follow the advice given, if you will sincerely state they once or be divorced, if you will be single, loved and wed, or if you will be married to your present desires? Write to me and be convinced that you can learn the truth. Send no money. Simply send your name and address and we prove it to you.

No matter what your past experience may have been, what your present trouble may be, I can help you. Whether you are in love, courtship or marriage, I will counsel and advise you how to gain success in love, courtship and married happiness.

Send to-day and receive my test reading. Inclose ten cents in postage (10c), write plainly, and you will hear from me promptly.

Dr. L. ZEROLA, Dept. 19 A, Havana, Cuba.

The Maid's Excuse.

Pearl—I'm shocked at you! The idea of flirting with a perfect stranger.

Ruby—But, dear, he isn't a perfect stranger. If he were perfect he wouldn't flirt.

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 311 Lane Building, Kansas City, Mo., has discovered a remedy for Asthma in which he has set astounding cures, and which he is willing to prove to anyone who will write for it. His offer is said to be in good faith, and if you write, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

There Are Others.

Jigson—What bankrupted him?

Wigson—Trying to run a thirty-horse-power auto on a ten-horse-power salary.

"Frauds Upon the Public"

is what some physicians have called patent medicines, and it is undoubtedly true that some are frauds and some are even worse, because they are positive poisons; the other hand, there are many patent medicines such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and others, which are of real worth, and are recommended by physicians of recognized standing.

Still Alive.

"So you're lived around here all your life, my boy?"

"Not yet, mister."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Many Americans are taking up the scarce fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 5 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows luxuriantly and matures hurriedly and commands very high prices. The Jamiha Plantation Co., Section 941, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Fer-ticulars on request.

(Continued from page six.)

is a rumor that she was a school girl bride. Seems to hate men and to delight in hurting them, both in mind and body. Getting even for some love affair probably. Why they do say that she caught one of their band ready to poach and took him to their secret retreat up here and put him through such a set of tortures that he died."

"What's the game you're chasing her down now for?"

"It hasn't got in print yet," responded the captain sullenly, "but I suppose it'll leak now after I've struck so I might as well tell you. A week ago she met Fleury, the steel magnate, on Broadway and struck up an acquaintance with him. He was buffaloed by her beauty and her charm. So it was easy work for her to rob him at her quarters. There, at the point of her gun and threatening death, she forced him to sign a check for ten thousand dollars. She kept him a prisoner until she got the check cashed. Then with a cut on his arm where, after binding him, she had threatened to cut off one of his arteries she let him go. But when he reported it to the police, her place was closed up and she had moved. This morning we got a tip on where she was and surrounded her in new quarters. But as I've told you, in the raid she cleverly evaded us. We gave chase and this is the result," and the captain waved ruefully at his men working over the auto wheel.

"She's not afraid to use a gun freely, that's sure," said Phil as he looked down the road in the direction in which the fugitive car had disappeared.

"She's a perfect fiend, young man," snorted Captain Flynn. "It looks as if the only way we could round her up would be to shoot her down."

"What are you going to do with this dead man?" inquired the reporter.

Flynn glanced contemptuously toward the figure beside the road.

"Oh, we'll come back for him after we've run a little farther along after the bunch that's got away," he replied.

The punctured tire being repaired, the officer mounted the car and continued the chase.

"Oh, these clumsy police," muttered Phil as he retraced his way to his auto. After describing accurately to Miss Price the detached one of his head lamps and returned to the spot where the dead man lay.

Kneeling beside the lifeless figure the reporter carefully examined the pockets. The dead man carried no car savage that he could not forego the opportunity to pick up some article that the police had overlooked. Bandit friends of this victim, he figured, would recognize where they had dropped out the body and would probably make an attempt to recover it. He intended to make sure that if there were any important information concealed about this agent Burns and Thomas himself got it. Undoubtedly it would make a good newspaper story for the Sunday sealdea.

One after another Phil ransacked the pockets. They held nothing. Then he wrenched loose the shirt and ran his hand to his waist. He smiled as he touched a leathern belt. Unbuckling it, he drew it forth into the light of his lantern.

Unlacing the pockets into which it was divided, he found a few gold coins, then paper money—one, a goodly sized wad—new bills and finally a sheet on which were scrawled a series of letters in a foreign language that he could not understand.

"Counterfeits probably," he said to himself as he replaced the coins and the bills. "But I'd like to know what this thing says." He muttered as he pouched the sheet. Then he finally stowed the belt with its contents into one of his own pockets and returned to his auto.

Cranking up his machine, he entered it and quickly turned the auto made a few spasmodic spurts and then slowed down.

Phil leaped out and examined the tires of his two rear wheels.

"Punctured, what do you think of that?" he called up at Janet from the ground where he knelt. "And we haven't an extra one either.

"I thought I felt the car sink behind during the shooting," the girl volunteered.

"Pretty good shooting for a dark night," said Phil as he sought to find where the damaged tire had been let. Unsuccessful, he cast a quick glance about. Not a light showed anywhere to indicate the presence of a habitation where patching aid might be sought.

"We're stranded all right, I guess," he decided. Then with a smile as he resumed his place cranking, "Consolation he went on, "How does the idea of camping out here all night strike you?"

"You don't mean we'll have to remain here till daylight?" Janet asked in alarm.

"We'll have to wait for help, that's sure," responded Phil. "A passing auto may be able to help us out or Captain Flynn and his posse may come back this way shortly and give us a lift. Anyway, you need have no fear, I'm with you."

"Oh, I haven't," she returned, her voice sinking to a whisper, "that is—with you here."

For answer Phil closed his hand down tenderly over hers.

"By the way," he exclaimed after a moments tense silence, "can you read foreign writing?"

"Some," she answered modestly. "I studied French for years, know some German and have the faintest smattering of Italian. Mrs. Philpot, you know, insisted on my taking up a lot of studies when she made me her secretary."

FOR THE WOMAN THAT'S FAT.

A Parisian physician says that the cheapest and safest mixture a fat woman who wants to get thin can use is 4 ounce Marmola (get it in the original ½-ounce package), ½ ounce Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic and 4½ ounces Peppermint Water. The proper amount to take is a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

These ingredients may be obtained from any druggist at small cost, and make a combination that is not only excellent as a fat reducer, being safe, it is claimed, as it takes off about a day with each pound of wrinkles. It is also a splendid help to the system as a whole, by toning the stomach and bowels (where the person's trouble usually begins) and clearing the skin of pimples and blotches. No exercise is required to help the remedy in its work and, best of all, no dieting is necessary while taking it. If you can eat what you like.

"Then maybe you can make something out of this scrawl," hurried Phil as he drew out the belt he had taken from the dead man's person and extracted the scribbled sheet of paper he had found within it.

He brought up one of the car lamps that Miss Price might see the mysterious letter. She examined it closely for several moments.

"It's not German and it's not French," she announced at length. "It may be Italian but it is done in an illiterate hand which combined with my slight knowledge makes the task of deciphering it difficult."

"Can't you make anything out of it?" urged Phil.

"Just a moment," the girl drew a quick breath as her finger paused half way across the sheet. "Yes, here is something. I believe I can make out the word 'Sedan.' Yes, and the word 'estate.' Let me see, that's Italian for inn or hotel. Yes, it reads here 'Sedan Hotel.'"

"Sedan Hotel!" exclaimed Phil. "That's where Fielding was killed. Is there anything else you can make out?"

"Let me see, I think here," she read, "Janet," whispered Phil tensely, "that's the date of the murder. Look sharp, please, again and see if you can make out something else."

"Yes, here's another, 'vengianza,' our revenge," said the girl excitedly as she intuitively realized that she might be on the verge of a great discovery. "And here's another I know 'maritare,' Italian for marry. Oh, yes, here's still another, 'effecta,' that might be love."

"Keep on, girl, trying famously," encouraged Phil, in his own mind piecing together the words Janet had deciphered.

But study as she would she could solve no more. But down in one corner of the sheet as she was about to give over her task she drew Phil's attention to a small black figure. It resembled a hand at first instant and then blurted:

"Why, that's a hand, as sure as you live. Look close and you'll see the dreaded omen."

Miss Price's sharp eye confirmed his discovery.

"There's 'revenge' and 'marry' and 'love,' mighty significant words," said the reporter, laughing in a forced way as he again pieced together with the date and the 'Sedan Hotel,' that Fielding had met his death, conjectures, don't they?"

"You don't," said Miss Price began.

"That's just what I do," he broke in quickly. "There is a mysterious link here, all right."

Phil, do you see that light off there through the trees?" Janet suddenly exclaimed pointed toward a clump of woods nearby.

The reporter looked and saw a faint glowing light. It went out almost immediately. Then a cry of warning escaped him as he had seen it go out cause another waving light into view. That, also, went out in a moment.

"Creepy, isn't it?" said the girl.

"Looks as if the gang were signaling of some kind going on," answered Phil. "Captain Flynn said he was surrounding a house in this Parelli woman was hereabouts. Maybe—"

But his speech suddenly stopped. A hand closed over his mouth and powerful arms from behind pinioned him as he drew him roughly to the ground. As he saw his companion similarly held a sense of terrible blow upon his head. Then consciousness deserted him.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great deal if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best class of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly. If you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Where Theory Failed.

"The jewelry was stolen," says the magazine story detective, pursing his thin lips and squinting through his nervous eyelids, "by a young man of fair education. I deduced this from the fact that a copy of Hugo's 'Les Miserables' had been taken from the bookshelf and glanced at. He smoked cigarettes, as I felt a crumbled blow upon his head. Then consciousness deserted him.

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The infallible reasoning process victoriously at the village marshal, who has been listening to the eminent magazine story detective with undisguised admiration.

"Well," says the village marshal, "this beats my time. I reckon we'll have to let the fellow go. Have to climb right out of the winder with all that jewelry. He's a little bow-legged man with one eye and red whiskers. I'd a told you about him first off, but this author here has been insistin' for a heap o' time that I let the detective to solve the next crime in this town."

Man's Rights and Privileges.

One privilege which man exercises is that of being schoolmaster when it is a question of looking for anything, and he considers it his natural inherent right to have some woman find things for him. The average feminine responds every time, for she realizes that the sooner it is found. When he tries to look for something, as a rule the after-search leaves the place would make chaos, housecleaning and the tail of a cyclone turn pale green at their inefficiency.

In the house his wife finds his hat, cravat and other possessions. In fact, it is a family tradition that great-grandfather used to ask, "Ha, where's my hat?" and for great-grandmother to respond, "I'm aware, Mr. Clark, I did not hand it to you, but I hid it right beside your bed." But he asked her next time just the same. She knew he would.

In the office he stands in the middle of the room and asks where his letter book is. That book has been always in one spot for the past five years.

In the days of the Garden of Eden Eve had to find the apple and give it to Adam.—Life.

CLOSING DAYS OF A Great Piano Offer

January first, this year, we perfected certain plans for a twelve months' campaign.

These plans involved the placing of at least one Schmoller & Mueller Piano in each new community in the United States.

Up to that time many neighborhoods—many communities—knew about this Sweet Toned Piano.

But where there was one such community—we realized there were doubtless a hundred which knew nothing of the merits of this superior instrument.

Of this piano—which had satisfied music lovers in all walks of life—the humble cottager and family—

As well as those who enjoy more largely of this world's goods.

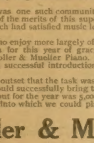
Thus our problem for this year of grace, 1910, was to make better known the superior qualities of the Schmoller & Mueller Piano.

To bring about its successful introduction into new neighborhoods—new communities everywhere.

We realized at the outset that the task was a large one—one which only a well organized business institution could successfully bring to a happy conclusion.

Our estimated output for the year was 2000 Schmoller & Mueller Pianos. Five thousand homes must be found into which we could place a

Schmoller & Mueller Sweet Toned Piano



Five thousand neighborhoods were communicable to the Schmoller & Mueller Piano. Had we other than a high grade—a sweet toned piano to offer—the task we set ourselves to accomplish would have been an impossible one.

But with a piano like the Sweet and Mellow Toned Schmoller & Mueller—with years' record back of it—giving the greatest of pleasure in the homes of thousands of satisfied users—and now with a well-organized company behind it—success was a problem easily solved as to the question embodying the piano itself.

We evolved a selling plan which has been, from the start, splendidly received.

Briefly, it has been explained by every intending buyer.

To give the first buyer in each new community or neighborhood this year a Close Wholesale First Buyer's Price.

A Schmoller & Mueller Piano in each community and neighborhood is the best advertisement we desire for our Piano.

One Schmoller & Mueller Piano sold in a new neighborhood has time and again brought about the sale of 3, 4, 5, 6 and more Schmoller & Mueller Pianos—within a few months' time.

Giving the First Buyer a Close First Buyer's Price would seek the more surely, and quickly accomplish the desired end—the placing of 2,000 Schmoller & Mueller Pianos in that many new communities.

To date the plan is more gratifying.

Easier and faster orders have come to us this year. Prospective buyers are more than interested.

Correspondence with us is more than half composed of our plan and coupled with the high and practical quality of the Piggy offered—they have not held back in accepting our proposition.

It is by your leave that we tell you of the remarkably easy terms this twelve months' campaign will have gone. Some one piano sold in the first of the year will have been perfected through the Schmoller & Mueller Piano-sent-node for that end—and communities and neighborhoods will have been made.

Purchasing a Schmoller & Mueller Piano cannot be a matter of the least moment.

It is a simple matter to fill the coupon and mail it today.

Remember, we positively guarantee the Schmoller & Mueller Piano for 50 years—we back this up with our entire Capital Stock and Surplus of Two Million Dollars.

We have you the most money on the Schmoller & Mueller Piano you buy under our present offer and under our plan of payments.

Pianos are within reach of all intending buyers under this Schmoller & Mueller Piano—

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For Fifteen Cents a Day we care of the small monthly payments we require.

Send the Coupon in as today—don't permit some other music house in your community to be the First Buyer of a Schmoller & Mueller Piano.

Receive our proposition on a Schmoller & Mueller Piano—delivered to your home.

Send the Coupon—if you please—NOW.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.,
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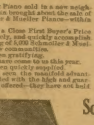

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Fighting Against Odds;

Or, Two Boys in Business

By ALFRED B. TOZER

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CHAPTER XII.

THE SERGEANT GETS AN IDEA.

SAM will be imagined, there were two happy young business men at the West Madison street store that day. True, Sidney was not able to leave his bed, and a good deal of money had been stolen, but the plucky boys knew that Sidney would soon recover and that they could soon make up the lost money.

They were increasing their business all the time, in spite of the attacks upon them by French, through Archer, Denton and the lawyer, his pupil. They were sure they did not then know the motive of the attacks, but they believed that Archer was at the back of the whole line of persecution. They were beginning to look for the source of their troubles.

The story of the burglary, printed in the newspapers, failed to have the desired effect of the attempt to ruin the business by the small pox scare, but Archer made attempts to the little Madison street store, and trade was growing and flourishing. They began to understand that the boys were fighting a secret combine, and a powerful one, and came from all parts of the city to patronize them. It became quite the thing for fashionable ladies to trade with them, and to take their friends there on shopping tours.

But there was a limit to what persons in Chicago who were not at all pleased with the situation that day, were willing to endure and Denton. When Archer entered the Denton office that gentleman was sitting at his desk looking, up from his papers with a frown.

"Oh, it be you, is it?" he growled as Archer entered.

"I shouldn't think you'd want to see me," snarled the lawyer, "after the mess you've made here, anyway? Who put that boy up against old Harlan?"

"I don't know, sir," was the indifferent reply.

"Did Harlan order the continuance?"

"If you knew Harlan as well as I do, you wouldn't ask such a foolish question. He'd always butting in for some kid who ought to be in school instead of in trade."

"Yes," said Archer, disgustedly, "I've heard about his philanthropy."

"Philanthropy!" repeated Denton. "I wouldn't care for that if he didn't mix it with business. Why, he's in business, with your business."

Both men were silent, each scowling at the other, Denton glum at his desk, Archer pacing up and down the room.

"And this," rapped out Archer, "ends our benevolent scheme for getting these lucky youngsters out on the street. It ends our chance of our prospect of making a couple of thousand dollars."

"If I could have the luck of these boys," Denton snarled, "I could clear all things up in a year. We may as well let them alone now. Harlan will be busy out for them."

"I never was a quitter," scowled Archer.

"What's the use?" demanded Denton. "Here's Harlan and that sergeant over at the station, and the Lord only knows how many more, all pulling for them! Harlan is furnishing the money that keeps this concern going, and it's hard to get anyone onlee him. If he should get sore on me the whole business would go to smash."

"Go to smash!" growled Archer. "What are you talking of? Here you induce me to put my good money in with you, then talk about going to smash."

"We are all right if we don't antagonize Harlan. Anyway, what's the use of trying to down those boys? I committed to clear them out if the bill was not paid, just to please you, as a member of the firm, but I'll go no further."

"You will be a long time before we get such a chance again," said Archer. "There is seldom a burglary on West Madison street, in the police district."

"I take it," said Denton, with an insulting grin, "that last midnight burglary was just a happen-so? Of course you did not know that the money was to be stolen when you came here yesterday and asked me to fund a continuance? Of course not!"

"Why," replied Archer, blustering angrily, "I asked you to refuse extension in case they asked it. What's there anything wrong about that?"

"Nothing! Nothing at all! I don't say you had a hand in the blowing of the safe, but I advise you not to go into dark lantern work. I don't say that you sent the small-pox woman and the face doctor to the store, but I wouldn't if I were you, mix up in such things. Sergeant Howie is a friend of the owners, you know, and he's a strong man with the police department."

Archer walked to the door angrily.

"If the boy had been killed last night," continued Denton, "you would have been in a nice mess. What was there to do with the money that was taken out of the safe?"

Archer replied with many oaths that he knew nothing about the burglary, but it was plain that Denton did not believe him.

"Be careful! Be careful!" Denton spoke insinuatingly.

"There is no profit in discussing the matter with you," said Archer, in a passion. "And so I will be going. Good day. Keep me posted as to whether the boys make good, and so protect that old fool of a Harlan."

As Archer bounced out of the door, closing it with a bang, Wave Coleman, the young stenographer, chanced to be approaching. Her eyes flashed at the words she heard, but only for an instant. When Archer turned his eyes in her direction with some idle compliment on his lips, she was all smiles.

The second-hand goods dealer was both angry and disappointed at the attitude taken by Denton, who had enough to have his plans fall so completely without having his confederates weakening. As he moved along Madison street he saw a slouching figure ahead, the figure of a man he did not care to encounter. He crossed the street, and the man did likewise. When Archer came to the bridge railing the fellow was there waiting for him with a sneering greeting on his dirty face.

"Wait a minute, partner," the fellow said, pulling Archer by the sleeve. "I want a word with you. Bill's pinched and wants your help."

"What do you mean?" demanded Archer, growing white to the lips. "You don't mean that the police have some clue that will uncover the whole business?"

"Just got a little hilarious," grinned the other. "He's pinched for cuttin' a man, an' not for t'other job over there."

"What does he say?"

"He wants bail. See? An' you'd better come across with it. See?"

"I'll come over tonight," said Archer, hastily. "I'm busy now."

Before the fellow could reply, the dealer was walking away, quicker than ever. This was a contingency he had not provided for. Like all men who do business with direct methods, he was seeing, too late, that he had mortgaged his future to them: that while he thought he was using them, the boys seemed to live charmed lives, while he had met a sharp set-back.

Yes, the firm of Adolf & Shaw seemed to be doing very well indeed. Sidney recovered rapidly, and the trade kept up wonderfully well. The Denton account was paid as soon as Sergeant Howie returned from his vacation, and early in the fall the boys closed up the accounts with the city sergeant.

The boys still lodged in the little room over the shoe store, and there the sergeant often visited them in the evening, he having been promoted from night to day duty. One night, when they were having a cozy chat, he asked the boys a rather queer, now entirely recovered from his wounds.

"Do you know where your relatives are, Sidney?"

"I don't think I have any," was the slow reply.

"But there must be some one."

"Well, my mother had two sisters. One married a man named Slowman, and the other a man named Enright. Enright was rich, and Slowman was poor. I never saw either of them, so far as I can remember. Mother wouldn't accept assistance from her rich sister after father died, and she had never been on good terms with the other one. I remember of hearing that Mrs. Enright died and that Mrs. Slowman moved away. When mother died I took to the streets, and that isn't a good place to hear about relatives. That's all I know about it."

"And this Enright? Do you happen to know his full name?"

"For a wonder I do. It was Mitchell J. Enright."

"And Slowman?"

"I don't know whether he's alive or dead. What are you getting at?"

"How wealthy was this Aunt Enright?" The sergeant ignored the previous question.

"She had a lot of sky-scrapers after her husband died. But mother kept up hope her because she wouldn't accept charity, so I know nothing about her. Mrs. Slowman crawled on her knees to Aunt Enright, seeking favors, mother said, and that sickened her."

"And what became of all this property when your Aunt Enright died? She didn't leave it a home for cats, did she? Have you never looked into the matter?"

"She died about the time mother did, and I was turned into the streets, to pick up my living like a stray dog, and I haven't had time to look into anything. I hadn't one friend but Dick, and he wasn't much good." This with a friendly smile. "By the way," he added, "have you seen Tom Crone about town? He's here, for I've seen him now and then, when he was dodging about the burn district. Hope he hasn't gone back to his old habits of drinking."

The sergeant smiled, but did not reply. He seemed to be lost in thought.

"It is a wonder he wouldn't come and see a fellow," commented Dick.

"You may have been mistaken," said the sergeant, but Sidney shook his head. "Often he's in my company," continued the officer. "But about this matter of your persecution."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE DARK.

"For a long time," continued the police officer, "I've been studying on the problem presented by the numerous attempts you boys get into. I'm certain that some one is behind the whole lot of trade, but I can't any good reason why there should be an enemy of the firm in the world. You've always done business on the square."

The sergeant paused a moment, as if in thought.

"All the troubles you have had are not ordinary perils of trade," he continued. "Archer had some motive for having you

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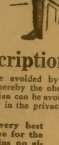

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arrested that first night. That threatening letter was not sent as a joke. The smallpox affair is now known to have been a pre-arranged thing. Dick was not assaulted on the street for the purpose of robbery alone. The burglary was a piece with all the rest. It is mighty queer."

"Old Archer is in it!" cried Dick.

"If he is, he's a mere tool," said Howie.

"And Denton and Weaver played a pretty good game while they lasted."

"Tools, also," continued the sergeant. "Observe how they have all been protected. Weaver disappears from the city. I'm pretty good on a man-hunt, but I can't find him. Denton is about to be put out of the firm for the cause he took in your case, and along comes some one with a bundle of money and buys him a very large interest. The health inspector who quarried your store in Ored and immediately starts a fine store down on the South Side. Even the tough who slugged Dickey escaped trial and punishment. There is some powerful interest behind all this. What I want to know, and what I'm going to find out, is this: Who is the man who is pulling the wires?"

"Perhaps," laughed Dick, "we're princes in disguise, and some one is sitting on our throne, and likes the job too well to have us coming back to the land of our birth and the golden-haired princesses."

"So he's trying to do us up—I mean they are—and Archer is the villain" added Sidney. "I don't feel much like a prince in disguise, though," he added. "Just now I'm a hungry boy."

"Oh," continued Dick, giving Sidney a thump on the back, "we're heirs to a great estate, and the person now clipping the coupons is anxious to have us go off somewhere and die, or get into jail, or something like that."

"You may be nearer the truth than you know," suggested Sergeant Howie. "I'm never so making you all this trouble has reasons for doing it. Some fools as Archer, and Denton, and Weaver, are not to be let to take desperate risks for a mere trifle. I've got in quite a lot of these on the case now, and I'm going to keep on until the game is played to the end."

Indeed the sergeant had been very active in the matter, and much of his attention had been given to Archer. That gentleman's plans of business had been watched night and day, and every movement of the fellow watched and recorded. Still, so cunning was he that no one of his connection with the persecutions could be discovered. French no longer visited his store, and when they met it was always as if by chance on a street car or in a hotel.

Then, one day, for the fourth time, Sergeant Howie saw French and Archer sitting together in the lobby of the Wellington. He called a plain clothes man and had French followed. From that time on results began to show; still, it was no easy matter to connect the two men with Archer's work.

While the sergeant was at work two sets of plans were forming. The firm of Adsit & Shaw was at work on a big trade expansion scheme for the Winter months, and the man French was concentrating his mind to devise the orders of the firm out of the city. He was still planning with Archer, though the dealer in second-hand goods did not know what his purpose in running the boys was. That was a secret which was entrusted to no one.

One day when the weather was growing cold Sidney proposed that he go to New York and pick up some drive in the eastern market, something that would bring a large and quick profit.

"What's the matter with Chicago?" asked Dick.

"There are better opportunities in New York."

"Why should there be?"

"Because the business pressure is greater there, and there are in consequence more failures, more being more failures, idle-hurput stocks bring less money."

"All of which means that you want to take a whirl on the Great White Way?" laughed Dick. "If you can clean up a pot about $4,000 we might put into a drive if we could turn it quick."

"Oh, I won't buy anything that will stay on the shelves."

So Sidney put New York drafts for $4,000 in his inside pocket, and took train for New York. Just on the Kinnickinnic he formed a car-seat acquaintance with a prepossessing young traveling man who was on his way to the home office in New York. He was a frank young fellow, and Sidney enjoyed his party very much.

"I'm going to see about buttons," said the traveling salesman, Mitchell Hodge by name. "I can't sell buttons with my competitors. I reckon the trust is butting into the business."

"That's the truth," replied Sidney. "I bought a stock, not long ago, and I'm losing money on them. Of course I can't lose much money on buttons, but it is a loss, all the same, and I'm not familiar with losses, as a rule."

"I know that there is a combination," replied Hodge, "for most of the factories are selling out and some are being shut down. Now and then there is a fighter who buckles in for a scrap with the trust and runs until the sheriff closes him out."

"And the trust buys his goods?"

"Oh, no, indeed! The trust punishes him by letting the goods go for almost nothing, and fights the man who buys and puts them on the market."

"Seems to me to be a purely benevolent institution," laughed Sidney. "I reckon I'll keep my hands off."

"That is the better way," said Budge.

But the young merchant did not know that he was soon to be in a merry war with that very combine. Later on, he had very good cause to remember that talk about buttons.

He left the train at Rochester at night and visited a lunch counter near the depot. Then took a stroll about the streets. Attracted by a little crowd some distance beyond the train shed, he looked at his watch to see if he had time to investigate. He found that he had, and walked swiftly toward the scene of the excitement. Sidney was now a very successful young merchant, but the boy yearning for vagabond was still in his blood.

The crowd had formed around two men who were fighting in the street, like dogs, and the boy turned away from the brutal exhibition as soon as he saw what was going on. It was a dark, narrow street, and the train bell was ringing, so he started off on a run for the train shed.

He saw the train moving out and fastened his steps. He would undoubtedly have been able to catch on the rear platform if the way had been clear, but it, unfortunately, was not. In whirling around a corner his foot struck some obstruction and he went over on his head.

He did not get up instantly. In fact, he was busy for some moments examining the thing he stumbled over which seemed to be advance out of the heavens, explode, and creep back again. He finally crawled, and fell. At last he sat up and saw the train lights disappearing in the distance.

Thinking what a ridiculous predicament he was in, he arose to his feet and walked toward the station. Then a man came out from a dark corner and accosted him.

"Did you get left?" he asked.

Sidney did not reply. His staggering steps told the story, and the man took him by the arm. When they came to a dark porch where lotted out from an old house Sidney motioned that he wanted to sit down. The stranger helped him to the top step, and he sat in a reading pose on his back!

No sooner was he on the porch than he received a knock on the head which sent him over and out of sight. He was out for some moments. The last thing he heard was the quick rush of footsteps down the street. The last thing he felt was a large hand moving about in his pockets. Then he lost consciousness.

When he came back to life again the door of the house was open, and a spot of light was streaming over him as he lay in a heap. Standing on the porch a woman of middle age stood in the doorway, holding a flattering candle over her head and calling for the police. Some of the neighbors came rushing up, and the woman came out and looked at Sidney as he sat up.

"It is drunk he is!" explained the woman. "Some one has left him here after a ride in th' hurry-up wagon."

Sidney looked at the woman's eye and shook his head vigorously. The woman bent over him for a moment and then arose and faced the crowd.

"He's not drunk," she said. "Acts to me like he was got on some one's head. Stand off and I'll take him into the house."

The officer was quick enough to do this, for he did not care to get up in the morning and be summoned to the police court. The woman led Sidney into the house and placed him on a couch in what seemed to be the sitting room.

She looked at his cut head and brought a bottle of water.

"You got a good clip, there," she said. "Some one has got it did it got my money," said the boy.

"All your money?"

"Just my pocket change," was the reply. "All my drafts are on the train that just left the depot. From that time on I'm busted in my shoe."

"You don't you be so ready to tell where it is, about here," said the woman, "for it is my opinion that the man who did it lives in this house."

"Though glass, eh?"

Sidney was now getting back to normal condition. He knew that he could have the sullenness of the drafts sold and cash him at the New York end, and he had plenty of money for the remainder of the trip, so he was not very much agitated over his loss. Also, he was in search of adventure, even though his head was aching from the two bumps he had received.

"You bet it is a tough house," was the reply. "You're in a den of thieves, and I'm going to get out. You can't move any too soon, either."

CHAPTER XIV.

A DICKER IN BUTTONS.

The woman now busied herself removing the blood from the wound in the boy's head. This done, she treated the cut with a healing lotion and bandaged it. While she was at it Sidney studied her features and figure. She was of middle age, fairly good looking, and evidently a woman of some experience. She was roughly dressed, having recently left her bed, for she talk he found that she had been reared in the slums of some big city and was wise to what was going about her.

"I didn't know what kind of a joint this was when I came in," she said, talking rapidly, and in a low voice. "I lost my job up in Buttonville, and I'm on to go somewhere to get another, so I came to Rochester. I thought I could get cleaning and office scrubbing to do here, but the town is full of guys who will do such jobs for nothing, so I'm going right on to-night and take my chances there."

"There is a button town, is it, a town," said Sidney. "Why do they call it Buttonville? Because they manufacture buttons there?"

"Why, of course. Rather, they did make buttons there, but now a dollar ain't got the button makers, when the trust flocked down on them, and now they're on the bummers. Get's about all the business is a pretty poor for the wise ones, I guess."

Sidney thought of the factory he had with the salesman about buttons. This might be one of the instances where the maker had fought the trust and come to the usual end—ruin. He might not be a bad investment to investigate a little.

"Is the factory closed?" he asked.

"Turtle part of it," was the reply. "Crammed with goods at that."

"Why didn't they sell the goods?"

"Some old geezer attached 'em," and they've got to be sold for a dollar about as big as a peanut. It is a shame! And all them girls out of work."

"You don't mean a very large stock?"

"I heard the boss say it was worth $20,000. It's the biggest in the country, so some, to get a stock like that on hand. And they're the buttons!"

"I presume they'll get a good price for them at the sale."

"Oh, nothing!" was the reply. "The trust will bid the stock in for about $2,000 and that will be the end of it. They won't no one bid against the Trust. Don't dare to do it! Pretty soon there'll be a trust on the air we breathe. When are you going on your way?" she continued. "You don't get a train until morning now."

"I reckon that is so," answered Sidney. "But tell me about Buttonville. When are you going back there?"

"I'll go tomorrow if I had the price. The sale takes place the next day, and perhaps the wheels will begin to go round after the thing is cleaned out."

(Continued on page twelve.)

FREE! To Every Lady Reader this Beautiful and Durable

7-PIECE BED SET

Consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 Bed Spread—All Full Size Pieces

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get this handsome assortment of Bedding ABSOLUTELY FREE. This offer is made to introduce our celebrated Royal Pride Blankets, Bleached Pillow Cases and Linen Worth Bed Spreads in this locality. We want to demonstrate the genuine merit of our goods, and what better way can we do this, for a full size bed spread and pillowcases are included with each can of Baking Powder, &c., in our offer No. 25. But this is not all. To every lady who sends for her name and address right away, we will send, absolutely Free, the handsomely designed 6-piece Royal Rose Flemish High Art Toilet Set, described below. Remember, no one receives what is offered in this announcement, but those who write us at once. Don't delay, but send your name and address on same so you can get our big Premium Catalog and Order Blank. Remember, we will send you the Premium Catalog and Order Blank, and the Toilet Set, Free, as soon as your order for Baking Powder is received.

NO MONEY NECESSARY You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges. Simply send us your name and address on a postal card and send your Premium with the Baking Powder, and the Toilet Set will be sent you, free.

We Give You Time To Deliver and Collect Before Remitting To Us

You can start in business on our money. Did you ever hear of such a proposition? We will trust you for the goods and allow you time to collect and deliver. Write us at once for complete catalog, premium lists and special terms to agents. Write us to-day, and you will receive by return mail your name and address on same so you can get our big Premium Catalog, Order Blank, Baking Powder Premium List, and Premium Plan.

Fill Out and Mail Coupon Today.

HAGOOD MFG. CO.,
Dept. 1111 Commercial Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen—Without cost to me, please send at once your big Free Offer.

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8-PIECE TOILET SET FREE

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front; and to get you to help us we will send with your first order this handsome 6-piece Royal Flemish High Art 8-Piece Toilet Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send you the Toilet Set in addition to the Bed Set, Free. You assume no risk whatever in this offer. Write us at once. Don't delay. Please mention this paper when you write us. Address

HARRIS-GOAR CO., 1204 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

TRY THIS RAZOR FREE

SEND US YOUR NAME

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

Full Size Free Razor Free

HARRIS-GOAR CO., 1204 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

STONE'S WHISKEY $4.25 TWO GALLONS

A $3.00 PRESENT FREE With 2 Gallons Stone's Extra Prime Whiskey $4.25

With all first orders to new customers, we will send Free a bottle of Grand extra fine Sherry Wine. Also with each order we will send Free a Stone's Whiskey. It is pure, old and mellow. Try it and if it is not the BEST whiskey you have had at the price you need it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C.O.D. or Draft. Reference Second Nat. U. S. Bk. or Dun's Agency.

Stone Mercantile Co., 37 Stone Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

This 5-Piece Mission Set Sent for $2.50

This handsome piece Mission Set is made of solid oak throughout, early English finish, upholstered, leather seat, leather back, Rocker, Arm Chair, Library Table, Foot Stool and Magazine Rack. Shipping weight about 140 lbs. $14.50

CREDIT GIVEN to EVERYBODY On Everything for Furnishing the Home

Our Six Great Buy-On-Credit Catalogs FREE

Our Great Catalog A—Furniture and Housefurnishings—contains 1,000 pages, 8½x11 inches, 2,000 illustrations, 50,000 articles, Rugs, Clothing and Jewelry in fact everything for the home. Weighs 4 pounds. Sent postpaid for 25c (stamps or coin).

Our Catalog B—Stoves and Ranges—contains 500 pages, 8½x11 inches, 1,000 illustrations, 30,000 articles, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Kitchen Cabinets, Refrigerators, Kitchen Utensils, Office Desks.

Our Catalog C—Carpets and Linoleums and Shoes—Carpets at the World's Best Discounts and Prices.

Our Catalog D—Sewing Machines, Phonographs and Graphophones—Sewing Machines and Phonographs.

Our Catalog E—Is the great Watch and Jewelry guide; it is the finest catalog ever published, and will be sent free to anyone who writes for it.

Clothing for Men—Ask for Style Book No. 48—it will be sent free to anyone who writes for it.

Our Catalog F—Is the great Catalog—a complete book of the latest styles and lowest prices; size 10x12 inches.

Any or all of these elegant buyers' guide books are given away absolutely free to anyone who writes for them.

The Standard Authority—Webster's International—is the only dictionary now in use in the United States Supreme Court. It is the only dictionary plan in America—and since the use of the postal cards has been discontinued—we will send you a sample page of this wonderful work free upon request.

J-6833 This elegant Scientific Rug, same as shown, colors green and tan. Size, 9x12 feet. $1.78 cash—One Dollar monthly payments. Total price..... $8.00

J-1180 This Handsome Rocker, American quarter sawed oak, golden finish, full box seat, upholstered in genuine leather. $1.40 cash—$1.00 each month. Total price..... $10.20

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc. 1973 25th Street CHICAGO, ILL.

HEALTH AND INCOME

Both Kept Up on Scientific Food.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did—making it a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Effectively Disguised.

Two Peoria women boarded a street car the other day and sat opposite each other in perfect silence. Both wore the waste-basket style of hat. They rode downtown oblivious of each other's presence and got off at the same corner. The first down looked up as she descended and gave a start of surprise.

"Why, is that you, dear?" she exclaimed. "I wondered who it was, but I didn't recognize your hat."

She Had Watched.

Hemsted—If you have never tasted any of Mrs. Kinkler's cooking, how do you know she isn't a good cook?

Mrs. Hemsted—I know because there has never been a young wife has driven her a chance to offer him the second handout.

TWO AUTUMN MAIDS.

The October maid wore every shade
From gold to dogwood red,
A vision fair, this maiden rare—
When skies were bright o'erhead.
But a rougher lass now see pass
Who thinks gay shades all bosh;
When raindrops whirl the November girl—
Is the girl in the mackosh!

Its Purity.

"I hope you never put water in your milk?" said the new, suspicious lady customer.

"Missus," replied the milkman, with an offended air, "if you was doin' with thirst an' begged me to give you a drop of water an' I'd give you a share of my milk you'd reproach me with your las' breath for tantalisin' you."

Just. Like 'Em.

First Telegraph Operator—Remember that fat woman with the red hat who sent a message this morning?

Second Telegraph Operator—Yes; what about it?

First Telegraph Operator—She was in here a while ago and wanted to put a postscript to the message.

Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"Gee!" says the first little boy, "I hate to go home. My mamma always wants to give me a bath every evening."

"So does mine," says the second little boy, "but I don't mind it. My papa is a doctor, and she always gets him to chloroform me, so I never know a thing about it until it is all over."

Looking on Dark Side.

Hoptim—You look much better since you have been patronizing Goodler's restaurant; you could take two hearts like his and rattle them in a dicebox.

Ashley—Kutcher a big-hearted man? Why, you could take two hearts like his and rattle them in a dicebox.

VAIN WORDS.

O frost, be warm; dear snow, don't fall;
And shrieking winter wind be mute.
Remember, what I wear is all
I have to wear; my outing suit.

To Good Use.

Lady of the House—Bridget, have you used that new cook book I bought for you? Bridget—Sure, Oi lighted the fire wid it this mornin'.

SAD BABY NOW.

Uncle Gus—So this is the baby, eh? I used to look just like him at that age. What's he crying about now?

Niece Susie—Oh, Uncle Gus, he heard what you said.

Inconsistent.

Mrs. Maxwell (in a huff, throwing down city directory)—That book does get things so very incorrectly!

Mr. Maxwell—What were you looking for, dear?

Mrs. Maxwell—Why, I wanted to learn what business Mr. Rosner is in and that absurd book says he's a "traveling stationery salesman."

Particular Customers.

Seymour—I have a customer so particular that she won't buy an egg unless it has a brown shell.

Ashley—I have one still more particular; she won't buy an egg that isn't of a certain shape.

Seymour—What shape is that?

Ashley—Egg-shape.

What. Did He Mean?

"I suppose," remarked the beauty from the metropolis, "that the uglier your scarecrows are the better!"

"By no means," returned the ungallant farmer, "the worst looking scarecrow ever made wouldn't keep away the crows any better than you would."

Seasons of the Past.

Irate Guest—Look here, waiter, what kind of a dinner was that you served me? Why, the vegetables were stale!

Waiter (scratching up)—Yo' am wrong, sah. I served yo' de autumn delicacies of de season.

Irate Guest—Which season?

Poetry of It.

Mrs. Subbubs—There is something mournful about the autumn. Doesn't it make you think of the leaves falling from the trees?

Subbubs—It does. I have to gather them up.

Pa's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the census bureau?

Pa—The census bureau, my son, is a collector of facts that are given to the public after they are out of date.

Where He Landed.

Townsend—Where do you first land when you attempted to sail your airship from Boston to New York?

Tittsburg—In jail.

Proved by the Sound.

Gattler (just come in from the street)—My, but that wind is fierce!

Mullins (sitting by stove)—So I should judge, from the way it's growling.

His Jail Name.

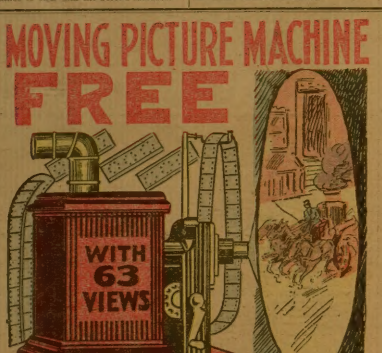
Judge—Is that your real name?

Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, yer honor, it's my "pen" name.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Migeaka's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect in the skin, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and rubbicunce to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it, and all more than delighted with the results. Send us 10c. in coin for formula which you can have filled at any druggist or we will send cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 667, Statesville, Pa.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



We give FREE this genuine and marvelous moving picture machine, with two fine films with 63 views, for selling only 24 packages BLUINE at 10 cts. each. THIS IS A GREAT OFFER. You can easily earn good money with this splendid outfit, giving shows and charging admission. Every one likes to see moving pictures. Write to-day for the BLUINE. When sold, return $2.40 and we will send the moving picture machine and films with 63 views, and an EXTRA PREMIUM FREE of a Large Admission Tickets and a White Paper Show Screen.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 910 Mill St., Dept. 55, Concord Jct., Mass.

VIOLIN FREE!

This is a fine, handsome, full sized, good sized Violin highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony finished pegs, finger board and tail piece; fine silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse hair, top of swiss violin wood. Price, $2.40. Send your name and address and we will send you 24 packages of our goods to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return our $2.40 and we will send you the beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented.

FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 712, Boston, Mass.

FREE FOOTBALL

BOYS! This Regulation Size FOOTBALL

Made of leather, strongly sewed and canvas lined, fitted with strong rubber bladder, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, given free for selling 24 packages of our goods at 10c. each. When sold send us $2.40 and we will send football at once.

Friend Soap Co., Dept. 712, Boston, Mass.

The Stem-Wind WATCH AND RING FREE

Handsome American Watch, Stem-Wind, Stem-Set, handsome Diamond cut and bright finish case, with solid fine gold finish ring to match. Given free for selling 24 packages of our goods at 10 cents each. When sold send us $2.40 and we will send the watch and ring. Write us before you sell. Dept. 712, Boston, Mass.

FRIEND SOAP CO.

4 RINGS FREE

Write for 24 packets of our Soap Powder to sell at 10c. each. When sold send us $2.40 and we will send you these 4 genuine gold filled rings, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Address: FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 712, Boston, Mass.

SIGNET BRACELET AND RING FREE

Signet Gold plated Bracelet and Ring, with solid gold plate on face, with initial engraved, also a handsome Gold Bracelet. Both given free for selling 24 packets of our goods at 10 cents each.

FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 712, Boston, Mass.

CAMERA & PHOTO FRAME FREE

This gift is worth $2.40 and we will give it free for selling 24 packages of our goods at 10c. each. Send us $2.40 when sold and we will send you the Camera and Photo Frame. Write before you sell.

FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 712, BOSTON, MASS.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Apparently Unfortunate.

Krompton—I have a farmer friend whose crops for the last four years have gone up in smoke.

Kingsback—He must feel discouraged.

Krompton—Not at all; he raises tobacco.

More Enduring.

Elsie—My mamma has begun a new story today. She has written twenty sheets.

Martha (proudly)—My mamma has hemmed ten; and she says they'll last.

TACKLES

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You $2.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for $2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It mixes perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat troubles here. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Comparing Notes.

The motorist and the aviator met for a confidential chat.

"That's a fine machine you have," said the admiring aviator.

"Yes, it is the greatest farm wagon buster in the country. And how about your aeroplane?"

"Sh! Best chimney buster in the world, old chap."

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Snapp—What a spectacle that Mrs. De Coltay was, sitting there in the box without a thing on her shoulders.

Mrs. Snapp—Nothing on her shoulders? Why, John Snapp, your eyes weren't off them five minutes while we were in the theater.

Nearest to It.

Mr. Recentmarrie—This duck, dear, looks like a chicken.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I can't help it, John. I took the butcher I wanted a duck that had white meat, and he said this was the nearest thing there was to it.

Literally.

Here is a lot of suggestions from outsiders as to how to run this newspaper. See that they are carried out."

"Yes, sir," said the office boy, and, putting them all in a waste paper basket, promptly carried them out.

Poor Girl.

"Have you a daughter?" asked the life-insurance representative.

"Part of one," yawned the retired merchant with a weary smile.

"Part of one?"

"Yes; a young man was here who wanted to know if he could have her ear for a few moments and another chap just asked for her hand."

The Poor Grager!

Little Willie—Say, pa, what [illegible] down-trodden farmer?

Pa—He is one of those fortunate individuals, my son, who have real cream for their coffee.

Waiting.

Mr. Spottley—Have you called yet on your new neighbor, Mrs. Nearlie?

Mrs. Spottley—No, not yet; I'm waiting to learn the day she's not at home.

Well-Equipped Boy.

Here's a New England boy who can speak but a handful, and he's only 7 years old," said Mr. Billups. "I don't see much good in that."

"I do," said little Billie Billups. "He can be sassy to his ma, and she won't know it."

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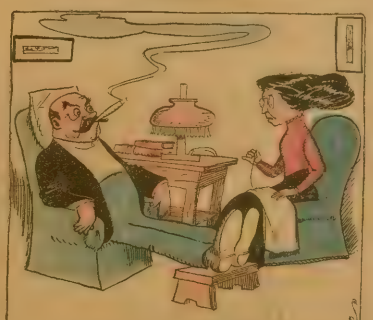
OUTGROWN IT.



Mrs. Banners—Henry, you used to call me your little duckling.

Banners—Sure I did; but how long do you suppose a duckling remains a duckling?

Lost. Anyhow.

Wife—And so you've failed and lost everything?

Husband (madly)—Everything.

"I don't see why you couldn't have put your property in my name."

"I was afraid you'd never let me have any of it."

Department of the Interior.

Seymour—Did you visit the department of the interior while you were in Washington?

Ashley—I guess so! I was in the cafe where the Congressmen eat.

Whats the Editor Has to Stand.

Indignant Caller—You paper, sir, refers to the man charged with entering my house as "the alleged diamond thief."

Editor—Well, sir.

I, I'—Well, I want you to understand that I had no alleged diamonds on my premises; they were all genuine.

Why He Lost His Job.

"Are these lace handkerchiefs all linen?" asked a customer at the counter.

"No, ma'm," replied the ultra-honest clerk; the open portions are not linen."

High Ambitions.

Gunner—So your automobile has a tendency to climb telegraph poles, eh?

Cagewood—I should say so. If it only had a few spikes in the tires it would make a first-class lineman.

Putty in Her Hands.

Maud—Do you mean to say that you actually proposed to him?

Belle—Yes; but, my dear, he was so dreadfully rattled I made him believe he did it himself.

Such Ignorance.

Mrs. Newwed—Tom, there's no need of any one to starve these days.

Mr. Newwed—Why, dearie

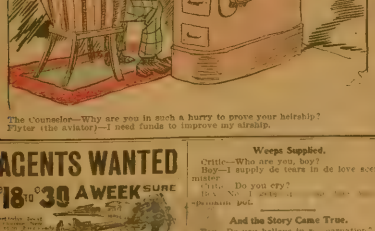
Mrs. Newwed—I saw lots of places downtown that had out signs "Free Lunch."

It Was a Success.

First Suburbanite—Was your garden any good this year?

Second Suburbanite—You bet it was. It enabled our next-door neighbor's chickens to pull down the first prize at the poultry show.

REASON ENOUGH.



The Counselor—Why are you in such a hurry to prove your heirship?

Flyter (the Aviator)—I need funds to improve my airship.

Weeps Supplied.

Critic—Who are you, boy?

Boy—I supply de tears in de love scene, mister.

Critic—Do you cry?

[illegible]

spectator pots.

And the Story Came True.

Fox—Do you believe in reincarnation?

Goose—Well, really, I hadn't thought about it. Why?

Fox—Because something tells me you will shortly be turned into a fox.

You Get. Left.

[illegible] of promise suit [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED

Agents and Canvassers,

ATTENTION!

[illegible] to get your own, is it not? You worked and saved [illegible] for the public. You want to "[illegible]" for yourself.

If you handle soap we can help you. Tell us what kind of soap you sell now. Tell us how much [illegible] per month. The more you tell us the better we can help you. Some new soaps that will go big.

Write us. Let's get together. If you are not handling soap you ought to.

Write us today.

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Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

[illegible] Single copies 5 cents. The Ledger is sent by mail $1.00 a year. To receive the paper regularly [illegible] Every Friday payable in The Chicago Ledger is sent in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not [illegible] the paper sent on subscriptions, the address on your paper shows the date to which your [illegible]

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THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Many a close man is open to suspicion.

The race for wealth ends at the cemetery.

Occasionally a man breaks loose and gets [illegible]

Most people are popular with them[illegible]

It takes hardships a long time to mail out of sight.

Some people try to substitute a pleasant [illegible]

The knocker usually gets his when the [illegible]

Work is about the best rest cure that has yet been discovered.

A girl is worth all it costs to raise her—and it always costs it.

A boss girl may be all right, but a boss wife may be all wrong.

A superior manner is one thing; a superior person is another.

Make a noise like ready money and your friends will not forsake you.

It's about time to count up the things you have to be thankful for.

You can't help liking the man who gets knocked out and then comes back.

There are times when the still, small voice of conscience seems troublesome.

A stubborn desire to get even has brought about many a man's downfall.

There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't earn a living in real life.

Some women can look sweet words just as forlorn as some men can say them.

A woman may forgive a man for beating her if he did it because he was jealous of her.

A woman is foolish to resort to tears unless she has a lot of confidence in her complexion.

Advice to a girl who would be a housekeeper: First catch a husband possessing a house.

Any man can make a fool of himself, but with a woman's help the job can be finished much quicker.

A woman gets as excited over a wedding in the neighborhood as a man does over a baseball game.

Oh, no, Cordelia, a man isn't necessarily a lover of flowers because he throws [illegible]

One way to remain happily married is to cut out your relatives who are afflicted with the butt-in habit.

As soon as a girl gets married she gets busy and tries to help some other girl get [illegible]

The spinster is handicapped in one respect. She can't tell all the things she knows the way a married woman can.

When you see a woman trying hard to look unconcerned in a street car it's a sign that the conductor forgot to get her fare.

Stop doing anything because of enthusiasm or excitement, let a few days and [illegible] if your enthusiasm or excitement is still on the job.

Fighting Against Odds.

(Continued from page ten.)

Sidney looked at his watch. It was 3 [illegible] in the morning.

"Do you mean that the sale takes place [illegible]" he asked. "It is Tuesday, [illegible]

s, on Wednesday. If the factory opens up I'll be all right. I was forewoman there and know all about buttons, so I'll [illegible] to get a job."

"said Sidney, after a moment's [illegible] "I'll stay over and go down there with you. I'm interested, indeed, and more too, for the way you've treated me. Perhaps I can make a bid by buying out the [illegible]

"I get into a catch-as-catch-can with the combine if you do."

"Not on your life," the boy, "since we've been in business we've fought everything but a commercial combine, and we didn't think a little thing like that now. I'll go to a hotel and go to bed, after wiring the conductor of the train I was on to send my suitcase back to me here. Then, tomorrow, forenoon and early afternoon for Buttonville. I'm going to buy up that lot, if there is to be any buying up of it."

"You're a mere kid to be in business for yourself," said the woman. Sarah Greer put some tea on to steep. "Come and have one sider before you go into this. Why don't you send for your suitcase?"

"My partner," laughed Sidney, "is younger [illegible] than I am."

"Well," smiled the other, "you've got to have a bite. I'll have a bushel of pies and [illegible] the combine."

"We've got both," answered Sidney. "You come up to Detroit and visit early tomorrow morning, and we'll be off."

The young merchant broke bread with the kind woman and left her. He was sure that she had saved him from worse treatment than he had received, certainly from arrest, and he was glad to be able to assist her. She seemed to him to be honest and industrious, though a little rough in her way. The woman gazed at the boy as he walked away, much as a mother might have gazed at a son she had found early on a batch of trouble for himself.

Sidney remained in bed nearly all that day, and was thoroughly refreshed on the following morning. After breakfasting with Sarah Greer, he took train for Buttonville. They were not long in reaching their destination. The streets of the little town were full of excited villagers as they passed up to the factory building. It was known that after the sale, the factory would be opened again.

There was only one thing that troubled Sidney. His suitcase containing the $6,000 in New York drafts, on reaching Rochester when he left there, and he had ordered it sent on to Buttonville by a cab which should arrive there at 12 o'clock. He was determined to bid for the factory up to $4,000, and turn his drafts in as payment, if they did not exceed that. He was determined to bid anyway and take his chances. At the worst, the goods could only be sold again.

Arrived at the building—a long, low rambling structure—the company solicitations—Sidney found that the sale took place at 1 o'clock. He would give him, he thought, a chance to get his money in hand. At the hour named for the sale to the depot, but the train was not in. Leaving orders to have the suit case sent on up to the factory, he hurried to the office to find just as the attorney of the combine drove up.

The attorney was a crafty-looking fellow, cheaty, and swelled up with his own importance as agent of the powerful combine. When the auctioneer opened up the sale, he had $1,000, and was the man for which the attachment had been issued. The debt was a small one, but there were many others, and the manufacturers made no effort to lift the attachment, knowing that none would be filed. All cases. As none of the other creditors was looking for a bid from the combine, no other attachments had been filed on top of the one in force. Sidney stepped forward to bid, the attorney lifted a pair of eyeglasses and looked at him in wonder.

"Two thousand," said Sidney, who had [illegible] the Sarah Greer and the [illegible] to the great value of the [illegible]

[illegible] the attorney, with a supercilious frown.

"Adolf & Shaw, [illegible] as the reply. "Do you know who you're going up against?" demanded the lawyer, while Sarah Greer stood by with a smile on her face, brought out by the nerve of the boy.

"Look here," replied Sidney, "if you've got anything to say, say it to the auctioneer. My bid is $2,000."

"Not so fast, my little man!" cried the lawyer. "You've got to show me. No one can bid at this sale. They've put his bid, Mr. Horton."

Mr. Horton, the auctioneer, a villager and opposed to the combine, refused to do this, and the attorney bid $2,500.

"Three thousand!" bid Sidney.

Another long talk, mostly bluff, followed this bid, but Sidney was rather glad of this, for his money had not come. The noon train had come and gone, but his suitcase had been delivered to him. The attorney was getting wild. He omitted the buttons, and he did not like the idea of the combine's losing out over him.

"Thirty-five hundred!" shouted the [illegible]

"Four thousand!" bid the boy. He had reached his limit. The agent of the combine was fairly foaming with rage now.

"Just to teach you a lesson," he roared, almost shaking a long paw in the boy's face, "I'm going to let you have the goods. I'm not going to bid again. We don't care for the money, but we resent this interference. We'll see that you don't find a [illegible]

shouted the auctioneer.

"Sold to Adolf & Shaw, Chicago, for $4,000 in a cash sale, the money must be produced at [illegible]

"I suppose he has it in his little bib pocket!" snarled the attorney.

Ignoring the insult, Sidney stepped up to the auctioneer.

"The drafts are in my suit case," he said. "And where is that?"

The attorney brightened at the question. "It is a fraud!" he shouted. "You've got to put the goods up again. I now renew my bid of $1,000."

"The suitcase," replied Sidney, "came in on the noon train. It went to New York by mistake and was re-shipped. We'll go down to the depot and get it."

"I move that the sale be adjourned!" roared the attorney. "This is mere boy's play. If you won't re-open right now, adjourn to some definite day. My bid of $1,000 still stands."

"I'm afraid I'll have to do something," whispered Horton. "This is irregular."

"Will you hold it until I go to the depot?" demanded the boy.

"I object!" shouted the attorney. "Either re-open the sale or adjourn to some fixed time. We've had enough of this boy-play."

"Look here," Sidney said, walking up to the attorney and bracing his shoulders, "you talk business, and business only. If you bring in any more personalities, I'll take a jolt at that mug of yours."

The crowd cheered. The combine hadn't a friend living in the village, save their agent.

"Give him a clip anyway!" roared one.

"Hand him a good one!" screamed a woman's voice.

During the excitement, Sarah Greer came up. Sidney drew her aside and in his ear [illegible] "I've been to the station, and there's no suitcase from Rochester."

This was like a bath of cold water to the boy.

"When will it come?" he asked. "Does she agree to anything about it?"

"She's grouchy," was the reply. "He's a comparative stranger, and in with the combine. I reckon they've driven a bargain."

"Not yet!" Sidney said, squaring his jaw. "I believe that suit case will be found from me, and I'm going to have it."

This interesting story of youthful struggles and success will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things are ahead. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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The whole population of a little suburb to the north of Philadelphia turned out at the celebration of the semi-centennial of their volunteer fire department. The village was in a state of intense excitement. A number of the inhabitants swarmed about the platform of a little bungalow which passed for a station.

With a short the engine of the train carrying the out-of-town visitors announced its arrival as it rounded the curve several hundred yards below the platform. Hats and clapping among the men and women soon ensued and the visitors were led on a tour of inspection about the town.

While admiration was being expressed on all sides by the visitors at sight of the newly erected headquarters and a brand new fire engine which was the acquisition to the village, a Philadelphian, very much impressed, hailed the captain of the fire brigade on the shoulder, and in a surprised tone asked: "How do you summon the entire fire department in case of fire? You don't seem to have either telegraph or telephone connections in the village."

That was the captain's chance and he took it. That's easily enough explained," he said. "We send them all a postal [illegible]

Retribution.

"Do you believe that an offense carries its own retribution?"

"I do. I once tried to cheat the Government by buying a box of cigars the man said he smuggled. Then I tried to smoke [illegible]

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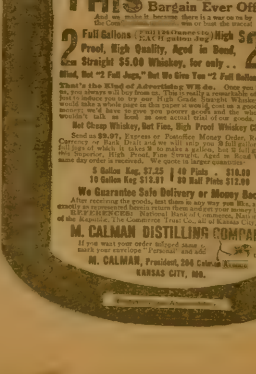
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The Shadow of the Bastile;

Or, The Hand of Pompadour

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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Begun in No. 46, Nov. 12. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

A WEEK passed and not even the shadow of tidings came from Yolande D'Amboise.

The mental torture of D'Amblay was almost unbearable. The wound inflicted by Le Comte in the garden proved to be a slight one from which the young Gascon speedily recovered, and he was devoting his every energy to discover what had become of his love.

He soon came to suspect that Gaston de La Nuit was in possession of the secret, but he cared not, as yet, to invoke an open breach by charging him with the affair.

Madame de Pompadour grew colder toward him. He had never risen in her favor and we could guess the reason. Knowing her temper and vengefulness, he did refrained from still further incurring her animosity, but day after day he saw the doors of the Bastile open for those who had crossed her in the slightest way.

Whenever he met Le Nuit he thought he detected a laugh and even triumphant gloom in his eyes, and he felt that some day they would come to open hostility.

On the other hand, the Duchesse de Launy piled her arts to catch his eye, but he gave her scant a cold courtesy that, if she was not baffled, she must have thought that he was far from the winning.

No inquiry had been made into the death of Le Compte in the garden, and the disappearance of Yolande had not been commented on.

So troubled was D'Amblay and surrounded by enemies, that he resolved to obtain a transfer from the Palais Royal.

This could not be done through the King, but he resolved to go thus far and secure, if possible, Louis' consent.

It was not until the ninth day that he could obtain an audience with the monarch. Ruled by Madame la Marquise, Louis cared little for the affairs of state, and when D'Amblay entered the royal presence he found the King playing with a black spaniel which he afterward got from Madame.

The King received D'Amblay coldly. The young nobleman made known his business, but Louis without so much as looking up, refused the request and remanded Henri back to the Palais Royal.

"I will solve the mystery if it costs my life!" he exclaimed, as he departed from the Tuileries. "I will find Yolande if I have to fight my way to her with my sword."

He was about to enter his own apartments when he perceived a figure crouched among the shadows of the long corridor. Turning from the door, he made straight for it and, when it rose he stood close to face with the Red Abbe.

"What means this, sirrah?" cried D'Amblay in the sudden heat of passion, laying one hand on the hilt of his sword.

The little man in scarlet looked up and grinned maliciously in his face.

"What is it to you where I am?" he demanded. "What right has the Sieur D'Amblay to question a friend of Madame la Marquise?"

"It may as well be an open declaration of war," thought the young Gascon, as he advanced closer to the Abbe. "This hated old serves the most disreputable woman in France, and I will not be spied upon by such a wretch."

"You must give your man arts elsewhere," he said. "I will not have a dog at my heels."

The Red Abbe only showed his teeth.

"Get you gone!" continued Henri. "Get out of my sight, or by the Holy Lady, I'll make a rent in your red robes!

At this the Red Abbe drew from beneath his garment a dagger and instantly backed against the wall.

"Ha! you would show fight, eh?" cried D'Amblay. "Yonder is the staircase," and he pointed down the passage.

Finding a naked blade in his face, the spy backed from the wall and moved sullenly off.

D'Amblay watched him till he had passed out at night, when he opened the door of his own room and disappeared therein.

"The miscreant!" he said, flinging his sword upon the bed, "I should have slitted him like a rabbit."

When an hour later, he emerged from his chambers he found two guards at the door. One waved him back with his arquebus, but Henri pushed it aside and moved on.

"Halt!" cried the guard. "You are not to leave the room, Sieur D'Amblay."

Henri understood all. He was under arrest.

For a moment he stood facing the guards and then he opened his door.

"Is it by command of the King?" he asked.

"It is Madame la Marquise's pleasure," was the reply.

"She throws the gauntlet down," he said to himself, "And by my soul I'll pick it up!"

In the corridor he heard the steady tramp of his guards. He raged like a tiger and the more he thought of the indignity the fiercer grew his passion.

The night that followed was dark and lowering.

A storm swept over Paris, driving the pleasure seekers in doors, and he stood at the casement looking out upon the rain of tempest. By the corridor there was no escape.

All at once he began to slit his bedclothes, and in a short time had fashioned the strips into a stout line. It was full thirty feet to the ground, and he resolved to take the risk of a descent. Slotting the door, he lowered the improvised cord and clambered over the sill. There might be sentinels underneath his window, but of this he did not reck. His one desire at present was to get beyond the walls of the Palais Royal.

In a few moments he was going down the rope hand over hand with the dexterity of a sailor, and presently he landed on the solid ground below.

No one had intercepted him.

Casting a look back at the palace, he made off by a path well known to him and in a little while was free of the grounds.

Plunging forward, D'Amblay, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, reached a darkened street which debauched into a net-work of narrow ways which led to a spot of ground known as "The Mouse Trap."

This spot, formed by the meeting of three streets, a combination in the top of a triangle and was quite dark. Beyond it lay other streets and still further on safety was promised.

D'Amblay had hardly found himself in the Mouse Trap when a piercing cry assailed his ears and he came to a sudden halt.

"Help! help!" was the intonation in accents of fear, and at the moment the Gascon had darted forward and thrown open a door.

He sprang into a room fairly lighted by a candle, and the scene that presented itself at first sight that caused him to pause.

A young girl struggled desperately with two men. One of them was trying to hold her against the wall whilst she fought with all the fury of a tigress, and the other was attempting to lash her wrists together with a cord.

At sight of D'Amblay the ruffians looked up in laughter and even triumphant glee.

"Free the maid!" commanded the Gascon. "By my life! this is nice work for Frenchmen!"

"What is this affair to you?" demanded one of the men, as he drew his sword, "or will be to your eternal sorrow!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Henri. "No heed to these words but advanced upon the men.

Yolande was the girl in the room!

He had come face to face with Le Compte's companions, the very men who had seized Yolande in the garden.

"Hot a happy fortune!" he cried. "Stand off, villains! Release the lady or you, ruffians!"

The girl gave him a look of gratitude, but she was still clutched by the villains.

"Release her!" cried D'Amblay, and he struck the throat of the nearest one that they showed signs of giving up their prey.

Then the girl broke away, but whereas the room and the two varlets retreated together. One man managed to get through it, but D'Amblay was too quick for him, and, as the fellow separated his progress, fur forced him back with his rapier's point at his breast.

"Give up your secret!" cried the young Gascon. "Where is Yolande d'Amboise?"

"Curse that Gaston de La Nuit!" faced girl! Has another woman fallen into the hands of these devils?

"Yes, fair maid," said Henri. "This wretch shall give up his secret or die where he stands."

The man felt the rapier against his naked flesh. He looked into the determined face of his enemy, but did not speak.

"Quick!" cried D'Amblay with the utmost energy. "I am in no mood to argue the question."

The fellow wriggled against the wall but he could not escape the sword that menaced him.

All at once the door was flung open. Something like a flash came across the room and the light, struck fairly by the missile, was extinguished in an instant.

The whole room swam in darkness and Henri D'Amblay sprang forward with determined emphasis. It struck the the wall with a snap

In a moment that man was gone and when his tinder box produced a light he was alone with the girl and Yolande!

He had lost the secret of Yolande's fate.

CHAPTER X.

THE MADNESS OF MADAME.

It may be readily supposed that the escape of the Sieur d'Amblay had received by the King's favorite—Madame de Pompad ur by the King's favorite—Madame de Pompad ur

"What!" she exclaimed to the messenger who brought the news. "Has he fled? Has he gone? Escaped from under the very noses of his guards? I shall send both of them to the block! Did the varlets sleep?"

"They seemed to have kept awake, your Grace," ventured the terrified messenger.

"No matter. They shall be punished. Call the Marquis de Launy. He is the captain of my special guard. He must find Henri D'Amblay. I will have his head inside out. Every foot of ground shall be gone over. The dogs shall catch him. Gone! Escaped from his rooms and by his bedclothes, you say?"

"Even so, your Grace."

"The trick of a low dog!" cried the Marquise, standing erect and pale with rage. "I shall more than send him to the Bastile. No, he will let him rot among the vermin that infest it. [illegible]

A court dignitary in gold lace appeared at the open door.

"The Marquis de Launy, your Grace."

"The woman's face was a storm-seat of passion.

"You have heard, then?" she cried, turning full upon the King.

"I have," said the voice, my dear Marquise, and you seem to be out of humor.

"He is gone!" exclaimed Madame. "The enemy of France has slipped through our fingers."

"How through ours?" asked Louis, with one of his famous smiles.

"The sieur d'Amblay, no, the dog," was the reply.

"Why, mon ami, why should he escape? You see I happen to be entirely in the dark."

"He became insolent. He committed murder within these walls, your Majesty. He slew two men in the upper corridor.

"For what cause?"

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"For no cause at all. It was his tainted Gascon blood."

"And his victims? Were they nobles?"

Madame la Marquise winced. She did not like to hear it said that D'Amblay's victims were men of no reputation, in fact, fellows of the baser sort, and she cunningly cast about for a lie that would suit her purpose.

"They were sons of France," said she, "men who might some day win battles for your Majesty to."

Louis sat down and crossed his legs while he took up Madame's words and toyed over-like with it.

"The blood of Gascony is in large," she went on, looking down into the King's face, "I shall put the Sieur de La Nuit upon his track."

"A good hound, no doubt," smiled King Louis.

"One who shall lose his head if he fails!" exclaimed the maddened woman.

"Madame," said Louis, wishing to change the subject, "I have this day received important news from the Low Countries."

The news can wait. First the person of Henri D'Amblay."

"Pardon me, but I do not yet understand," the King answered. "I love a mystery. Was the Sieur d'Amblay under arrest?"

"So, and guarded in his room by two musketeers. I have some lettres de cachet in my private desk. They will be of good play now. First the Bastille and then Ravaree axe."

She stepped forward and tapped a golden call-bell on the table.

"The Sieur de La Nuit!" she cried to the servitor who made his appearance. "Hurry minute is an age!"

The man vanished and three minutes [illegible] of the Musketeers.

"Monsieur, [illegible] and lo, at friend," cried Madame de Pompadour at sight of him. "The traitor Henri D'Amblay has escaped from under guard. Paris must not hold him. Hie to the gates, sir, and search the varlet. Do not report without him. Go!"

A dark look came into La Nuit's eyes.

He glanced from Madame to the King. Louis did not speak.

At last exclaimed the Marquise with a wave of her hand, "Away, fugitive hare-s with you."

La Nuit bowed again and withdrew.

"Parbleu," he said to himself. "This is a mission not just to my liking, but commands from her have ever commanded from the King. Aha, my old compatriot! So they had you shut up in the palace! Well is what you get for rapioring my agents. And with the fair Yolande in my toils, you have the prospect of a good long sojourn in the Bastille."

With La Nuit out of her presence, Madame la Marquise turned upon the silent Louis.

Her face was white with rage. The tremendous passion that swept over her heart.

"La Nuit will find him," she exclaimed. "He has cause to hate Henri d'Amblay. There is a petticoat between them."

"A little rivalry in love?" laughed the King.

"Aye, your Majesty. But, strange to say, the object of the rivalry is missing, too."

"A conquest between the two, think you, mon ami?"

"I hardly think so," said Madame, cooling down a trifle. "The girl disappeared some days ago, she went down to the lakelet on the night of the birthday fete and never came back."

"Has away?"

"It looks not like a runaway," smiled Madame. "To me it resembles an abduction. There were traces of a struggle on the bank of the lakelet. But never mind. The Mademoiselle d'Amboise is gone."

"Was she, then, one of the ladies of the palace?"

"My second lady-in-waiting. She caught the eyes of Henri d'Amblay and the Sieur de La Nuit. For her I am sure. She may drown in the Seine if she wishes, for then she would save me a little trouble. But it is Henri d'Amblay whom I want. He likes me not."

Louis shut his eyes and opened them half dreamily.

On the wide staircase which led down to Madame's brilliant room, a woman with a white face leaned against the wall. Her hands were clenched and her ears wide open.

It was the Duchesse de Launy.

"Heavens! what a creature Madame is!" she hissed between her teeth. "Henri d'Amblay has slipped through her fingers and she has sent Gaston La Nuit after him. If they plot to drive the Count d'Amblay translate the Picard to another sphere. He is to ransack Paris for his arch enemy. It means the Bastille or the block. Can I not save him for myself? I love him as woman never loved man before!"

She went fluttering up the stair.

As yet she did not know that Madame la Marquise was in possession of her handkerchief, which had been found upon the limbs of the two dead men in the Rue Des Lopitiers.

La Nuit doubtless was still within the palace. She must see him and, if possible, throw him off his track.

Knowing where the rooms were, she bounded down the upper passage but halted with a cry, for the door of Gaston's private apartment stood wide open.

"He is gone!" she exclaimed. "The hound of Madame has come to the end of the trail."

For a moment she stood irresolute and then went back.

But it was she nearly collided with the Red Abbe, who smiled at sight of her. There was something malignant in his smirk.

"Ah, my fair duchesse!" she exclaimed, halting before him.

"I was just thinking of the dead men in the alley," he replied. "I can still inhale the perfume of the two kerchiefs."

"You fiend!" blurted the Duchesse [illegible] you throw those kerchiefs [illegible]"

"Can it be a coincidence," replied the Abbe with a mock bow. "Odd things happen in this world."

"How so?"

"There were initials in the corners of [illegible]"

"Why you so—Ha!"

"Yes."

And you took them off the dead!"

The dead had been robbed them, seeing that they had been treated to the point of [illegible] rapier."

"It is false!" cried Celise, her face changing from red to white. "It is false, I say, Parbleu! I can't say that I blame you for the Sieur d'Amblay has a pretty face."

"Oh, you contemptible wretch!" retorted the Duchesse, clenching her hands.

"Charming fire, Mademoiselle," laughed the Red Abbe. "When Gaston Le Nuit compliments the fair Yolande la Marquise may want to know why dead men have her kerchiefs about the ankles."

With this he left her, laughing away down in his soul, as the Duchesse knew.

"What have you done, varlet?" she cried, springing forward like a leopardess. "Where are the kerchiefs?"

He whirled upon her and grinned demoniacally.

"I must refer you to Madame la Marquise," he exclaimed, and the next moment she saw him vanishing down the corridor.

CHAPTER XI.

CAGE AND BIRD.

The old house by the Seine at the end of the Rue de Foix was certainly an excellent cage for so fair a bird as Yolande d'Amboise.

It was surrounded by a good strong wall capable of keeping out night prowlers, to say nothing of withstanding an assaulting party. No one seemed to know to whom it belonged, for at the time of our story no questions were asked in regard to the ownership of the property, therefore the old house might belong to a prince or a robber.

On the night of D'Amblay's escape from the Palais Royal a young girl was pacing to and fro in one of the apartments of the old trap. A dripping candle, pontop on the table in the last stages of decrepitude, shed a sickly light about the room. The walls were bare of ornamentation and the carpet on the floor was frayed and dusty. In one corner of the chamber were the outlines of a cot, and it was apparent that the girl must at one time have stretched herself upon it.

Yolande did not know in what part of the city she was. She had been carried from the royal garden so completely muffled in the cloak that had been thrown over her head by her captor that she had not been able to follow the route.

She knew that she had been received at the house by a tall, dark featured woman, who seemed to be the ogress of the place, and this creature had subjected her to the rudest treatment. It was some time before she recovered in the slightest degree her composure, and even after a whole week had passed she felt the indignities that had been heaped upon her.

All at once the door of the room opened and Yolande turned upon her heroine, who had entered.

"How feels my bird tonight?" smirked Madame Thibault, as she gazed at the fair captive. "Dong she long to sniff the free air of gay Paris and dance with the gallants of the court?"

To these biting words Yolande made no reply but drew off and looked sternly at the woman.

"You have fine feathers," Madame Thibault continued. "When your lover comes maybe you will give him a love song."

"My abductor, you mean," exclaimed Yolande, taking a step forward. "You have been brought hither by some wretch upon whom I never bestowed even a single look."

"Say you so, pretty parrot," laughed the woman. "Then he shall come."

"You dare not name the infamous villain who caused me to become your unwilling guest," Yolande retorted. "You are afraid to breathe the name of the man whose tool you are."

She stood before Madame Thibault with her face white with indignation and her hands clinched till the pink nails bruised the palms.

"It is an outrage that shall come to the ears of the King," she went on. "Do you think he will permit me to be buried in this place? Besides his Majesty, there are good words that will avenge me."

"Oh!" simpered Madame Thibault, mopping her face with her apron. "Who thinks the sword you must depend on is useless by the side."

"It is false! You do not know my friend. If I will beat up Paris and surely unearth me."

At this the old jaileress laughed again and came about to quit the room, but Yolande, springing forward, clutched her arm.

"I am not of the common chaff" she cried, as she pulled Madame Thibault round till she faced her. "Tell me Yolande d'Amboise!"

"Oh my heart, a pretty name," was the reply. "It fits you well, my wench."

The young girl was almost beside herself with rage.

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"Where am I?" she demanded, and then she almost smiled at her words.

"In a chamber.

"I know. It is a secret, I see. You are in league with the person who had me conveyed hither."

"And does you think I should be dubbed a fool if I opened my mouth?"

Yolande dropped the arm and fell back.

"Have it as you will," she said; "the thing will come out right in the end."

"Yes, yes, love and war, a-liar."

"I was carried off by two wretches who were acting for some one else, I presumed. "I was taken from the royal garden."

I asked no questions."

"Of course not. You simply hold the key to this den."

Jailoress at his service, not yours, my pretty bird," was the reply.

With this Madame Thibault turned on her heel and departed. Yolande heard the key ... in the lock.

Silently she recalled the events that led up to her abduction. She remembered that Henri d'Ambray was attacked by one of the ruffians while the other two carried her off. How the duel had terminated she did not know. If D'Ambray's foe had won the best then, indeed, her case was helpless.

She stood in the light of the sputtering candle and tried to think who had set the three rascals upon her. She knew she had in some manner incurred the dislike of Madame de Pompadour, that the Duchesse de Launy did not like her. Had either of these titled women mixed in this desperate game? It was not Madame's way, but, then, there was no telling to what lengths the King's favorite would not stoop.

The question perplexed her.

Suddenly the key grated in the lock once more. The beauty of the court turned toward the door and waited.

The candle light fell not upon the unsightly figure of Madame Thibault but upon Gaston de La Nuit!

The young captain of Madame la Marquise's private guards advanced toward Yolande, who shrank away with a startled cry, but took care to keep his figure in the light.

There was a smile of triumph on La Nuit's lips to which the girl replied with a look of disdain. The truth seemed to burst upon her like a lightning bolt from a clear sky.

"Good night machere," said the young gentleman, breaking the strained silence. "Let me trust that you are not greatly vexed by this detention."

"Not vexed?" cried Yolande. "You are very timid in your choice of words, monsieur."

Her men told him that she more than half suspected the truth.

"I see that you are forced to inhabit this nest," she went on before he could answer. "Let me congratulate you and let me once more breathe the pure air."

"Do not be so hasty," he added, recovering his composure. "All is fair in love, course of Cupid and the field of battle."

"Is not I here? It was a forcible ... to this place, where I am under the espionage of a creature devoid of every sense of humanity."

"I'll warrant Madame Thibault is not an angel," laughed La Nuit, as his gaze fell upon the ... and he ... "One ... always chooses one's jailer.

... you have chosen mine."

"I have only had the honor of Madame Thibault's acquaintance."

"Then you have no doubt," cried Yolande, ...

"My fair lady," resumed Gaston, lower ... words, you need not remain ... long."

"I do so," said the fair captive, taking ... hope. "Then open the door and I will quit ... loathsome abode fit only for vermin."

Not quite so fast. You have long been the only lady upon whom I cared to gaze. I feared that in pressing my suit I would be repelled, therefore I have had you conveyed beyond the influence of certain persons who might object to my attentions.

"It is your work!" exclaimed Yolande, darting him a look of supreme disdain. "It is this the way Gaston de La Nuit makes love?"

"Away!" exclaimed the Marquise.

"It is the way of barbarians. I would not think that a soldier who serves so great a King as Louis XV. would stoop so low."

A crimson flush mounted to La Nuit's temples, but he was not ashamed.

"I overlook your severity of language," said he. "But this does not alter the fact that I love you."

"It is a love which in your presence I tear to tatters!" was the quick retort. "It is a love utterly without hope. Let me tell you, Gaston de La Nuit, that Yolande d'Amboise can never be anything to you."

Not even a friend?" he asked.

... has happened, not even a friend ... the beautiful girl.

Then," almost kissed the young nobleman, "you may long be Madame Thibault's guest.

"Let it be," and Yolande, delivering him a glance which must have voiced her determination turned away.

The moment the door were removed from him he darted forward and his hand encircled her wrist.

... uttered a cry at the ... contact. Behind me she could see ... struggling in his grasp. "Your ... touch is contagious!"

He made no reply, but his grip tightened till Yolande lost every vestige of maidenly color.

"A kiss, my beauty!" he cried. "A kiss before I go!"

... effort as he bent forward. Yolande released herself and, catching up ... first portable object that came to her hand, the heavy brass candlestick on the table, she flung it in his face.

... another instant the ... in darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

LA NUIT HUNTS AND FINDS.

When the daughter of D'Amboise came to ... her senses she knew that she was alone.

... heard until the darkness the closing ... door which told her that Gaston de La ... on his departure. To assure ... she groped around the ... found the portal which was closed. The sole noise she heard was her own breathing, and for a few moments she listened to it with her heart in her throat.

The Picard had unmasked his own villainy. She knew that it was through his agents now was Madame Thibault's prisoner, that Gaston La Nuit had gotten her in his power, hoping by this means to win her love.

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for the world would she give him the slightest encouragement. She had pledged her love to Henri d'Ambloy and nothing, not even all the bolts and bars in Paris, could swerve her from that pledge.

As for La Nuit, nothing not only under his reception but under the hard blow of the heavy scenes, he had quitted the room of her and was looking into the hard stony face of Madame Thibault.

"You've got a fine feathered bird to guard," he was saying. "You must not relax a moment's watch to keep her where she is," and he drew his purse and filled the old woman's hands with gold coins. "Remember that no one but the faithful have entrance into this house."

"That I will, your Grace," replied the Thibault with a grimace. "I know how to take care of those who come to my cage. She cannot escape, your Grace."

With another admonition La Nuit withdrew.

Remembering the commands of Madame de Pompadour, he had already set some of the most disreputable minions of the city upon D'Ambley's track.

He went direct from the old house by the Seine to M. Fisseelle's dwelling where he found that delectable rascal in possession of his little chamber.

"Any news yet?" he cried, as he threw one leg across the table and looked into the Frenchman's sodden face.

"None, your Grace, but the dogs are after it."

They must make the capture," was the reply. "My future is at stake in this game of hearts."

"Say you so?"

"Yes. Madame is highly incensed and has commanded me not to report failure."

"Madame la Marquise, eh?" grinned M. Fisseelles. "What a creature the butcher's daughter is, to be sure! By this way, I would like to have the Gascon myself. Why, Heros, he slew La Grenouille, who, there's little use looking for him."

"He must be found. I shall hunt him myself. By the great powers! I shall leave no stone unturned to find it, catch him."

"Remember his dexterity," admonished the man in the chair. "He's got a facility for that and a nerve that finds a heart wherever his keen eyes guide it."

At these words La Nuit laughed derisively and turned to the door. He was watched out of sight by M. Fisseelles, who helped himself to another drink from the bottle on the table and began to hum one of the popular street songs of the day.

Gaston de La Nuit hurried down the narrow street and was lost to view, in the course of an hour he turned up in another part of the city.

The night was warm and the various places of resort, such as opera, the parks swarmed with people of all classes, and Gaston dropped into an open cafe which was partly hidden by a lot of foliage.

He cared not for low drama being presented on the cramped stage at one end of the room, but took a seat and ordered some wine.

He had chosen an obscure corner for the purpose of hiding himself, with good reason, for he was known to thousands of Parisians as being connected with the Madame de Pompadour's entourage.

All at once a figure slunched down the aisle and took a seat opposite. La Nuit threw the newcomer a questioning look of haughtiness and was about to inquire as to the liberty he had taken, when the person leaned across the table.

"You haven't found him yet, your Grace" came from the newcomer's lips.

The voice sounded familiar and a second look told the young Picard that he was gazing into the Red Abbe's face.

The Abbe's well known habit had been replaced by one of civil semblance.

"You?" cried Gaston, who had laid his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Methinks you don't frequent these places much."

"Not usually, your Grace," the Red Abbe [illegible] you haven't replied to my question.

"If you mean Henri d'Ambley, I have not yet found the villain."

"A good quarry, then—for himself," was the reply. "The interest of Madame la Marquise is something terrible."

"I know it."

"We will ransack Paris but what we find him. He interfered in a little game last night."

"How?" and La Nuit leaned across the table.

"It was in the Mouse Trap," continued the Red Abbe, "where he witness a little game, which had robbery for its stakes, and while he freed the woman from her assailants, he failed to rapier one of them."

"In the Mouse Trap, you say?" reflected La Nuit. "He must yet be in that vicinity."

"I cannot say."

"The girl might know," was the response. "Could you direct me to the house?"

"It cannot be, but half an hour ago," said the Red Abbe. "It was quite dark, but perhaps the lass hasn't recovered from her fright. It is the house with the heavy cornice that droops over the door like a porch. You could not miss it."

"He my life, I'll see!" cried La Nuit. "If he lurks in that vicinity I'll know it."

Ten minutes later he strolled from the place and hurried away.

He did not ask himself how the Red Abbe knew of the encounter in the Mouse Trap. He was aware that the sinister little man who was the Marquise's favorite spy knew almost everything that there was a dark spot within the walls of Paris with which he was not familiar, and would be a safety.

La Nuit did not care to cross blades with Henri d'Ambley, who had been driven to the wall by the machinations of his enemies, for the young man was desperate and his temper had not been improved by the abduction of Yolande. Therefore, it behooved La Nuit to be on his guard.

Heading for the Mouse Trap, he soon found himself in that undesirable locality. Its [illegible] he had passed through it and [illegible] reasonably familiar with its territory.

The house with the drooping cornice soon [illegible] before him.

Everything was still in the Trap, and La Nuit, surveying every rare, approached the house and placed his eye against one of the heavy shutters.

At first he saw nothing, but at last he

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caught a glimmer of light beyond the heavy slats. He was facing a low-ceiled room in which a young girl sat at a table with some work in her lap. She was fair to look upon, though she belonged to the medium class, and La Nuit wondered if she was the person whom D'Amblay had rescued from the robbers.

Suddenly the occupant of the room started and looked up. A door had opened.

La Nuit beheld a hooded figure enter the room, and the girl was bestowing upon it a look of surprise.

The newcomer sprang forward to the table as the girl rose. One of the visitor's hands shot suddenly out and grasped her wrist. The hooded one leaned over the table.

At that moment the hood which hid her face fell back and a cry escaped La Nuit's lips.

It was the face of the Duchesse de Launy he saw.

"Is the name of heaven! what next!" cried the young Picard. "What is the Duchesse doing in this house? Does she know the girl? Has the Red Abbe told her, too?"

He did not know that Celise had overheard—and that very night—the Red Abbe acquaint Madame de Pompadour of the events in the house in the Mouse Trap, and she has hastened thither to wrest from the girl, if possible, the whereabouts of Henri d'Amblay.

For a moment the two persons in the room looked into each other's faces. La Nuit glued his face to the crack in the shutter.

"Why don't they talk?" he cried in his breathless eagerness. "Am I to lose all this mysterious play? But I—"

At that moment a hand fell upon his shoulder and he was twirled on his heels.

In an instant his naked rapier was in his hand and he leaned forward with an oath.

"Ha! It is you, sir?" cried a voice that had a familiar sound. "An excellent time to settle all that is between us!"

It was his rival, the Gascon, D'Amblay himself!

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger for coming installments and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber you had better send in your subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

How to Use a Broom.

"It makes me sad," said a broommaker, "to see the way people treat a broom. The life of a broom could be twice prolonged by proper care, and used properly it would be vastly easier to use.

"You've seen people sweeping ahead of them, pushing stuff with a broom? Why, the best broom that ever was made, of the best and most perfectly seasoned broomcorn stock that ever was put into a broom, wouldn't stand such treatment as that.

"With such handling, splints will break off. The splints remaining, jagged and uneven, they inevitably set to scratching. You never can sweep clean with it after that.

"Then you know the majority of sweepers always sweep with the same side of the broom to the front, and in this way they soon get the broom lopsided, so that they can't use it any other way. There couldn't be a worse way.

"Used in this manner the points of the splints get bent all one way, and then they meet together at their ends. They don't bite, they don't take hold of dust as they are meant to do, they don't sweep clean, and when a broom has come to this condition the sweeper is less careful of it, for then it is not so good a broom. Such a broom they never feel like using. So they push ahead of him; and when he does this with it the broom is finally and irretrievably ruined.

"Of course the correct way to use a broom is with the handle, in its initial position, held vertically, so that all the splints in the front of the broom will take hold at the same time and evenly. In sweeping, the broom should be swayed back and forth from a point at the back of the sweeper to a point an equal distance in front. That is the proper way to use a broom, and then every day the sweeper should turn the broom around, so as to sweep with a different side daily. Used in this manner and turned daily the broom would last much evenly.

"I have seen—a delight to the professional—such a comfort to everybody who likes to see an implement used to the best advantage, thoughtfully and considerately—I have seen brooms that had been so used that had worn down almost to the binding threads, but that still bit beautifully. I am perfectly well aware that brooms carelessly used, as commonly they are, wear out faster, with a corresponding benefit to broom manufacturers; but still I do really hate to see anybody misuse a broom."

It Was All Right.

"I understand," he said to the rising young lawyer, "that you have been engaged to make a Labor Day speech for one of the labor organizations."

"Correct, sir," was the reply.

"In it do you expect to discard you get off last year?"

"That, sir, is rather an impudent query, but I will overlook the fact, and answer that it is. Have you any objections?"

"A few. Last year you went back to the pyramids of Egypt in your speech."

"Yes, sir."

"And you brought in Bunker Hill."

"I did, and was enthusiastically applauded."

"And you had Washington crossing the Delaware."

"I did, and 200 hats went into the air and 200 men cheered."

"But, sir," continued the other, "you were not engaged to write anything for a Fourth of July speech."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. It's as much to the pyramids. They were built by slaves. You cannot enslave the American workman. He refuses to be enslaved. He refuses to work for nothing. See?"

"And Bunker Hill. The American worked all night to throw up entrenchments and they worked for hours to repulse the British attacks. They were working for liberty. That is perfectly consistent."

"I'm—"

"And Washington crossed the Delaware or some other river. It was not in a gondola and on a summer's night. It was the hardest kind of weather, and he crossed in a flatboat. When he got over he took off his coat and put in three hard hours licking the Hessians and capturing 1,000 of them. The laboring man was right there and helping to do it, and he was working for mighty small pay, and working hard. Anything else, sir?"

"No, there's nothing else, and the critic went about his business, and the rising young lawyer framed his old speech to refresh his memory.

Gill and His Trousers.

It was the old, old story of the man who trusts the only pair of trousers he has with him to a tailor.

"Kerm" Gill and Charley Fath, contractors, were down on the south side on some job connection with a big contract they had landed in that town.

When Gill prepared to retire he noticed that the crease were partly erased from his trousers. As he was quite a dresser in natty an appearance in a strange town as possible he planned to take them to a tailor and telephoned down to the clerk for the bell boy to call for them and have them pressed.

Next morning—as is to be expected in a chronicle of this kind—Gill got up a half an hour late for an appointment and desired most fervently to step immediately into his trousers with all reasonable speed, be found of course, that the usual arrangements had been delayed in transmission. The night clerk had gone home and nobody about the hotel knew anything about a pair of trousers. Neither did any of the cleaning and pressing establishments in the neighborhood. Everybody that Gill asked about the matter looking down at a pair of and shook their heads stupidly, as if they didn't think he ever had a pair of trousers.

About noon they were found in the elevator, under the elevator man's seat, where the bell boy had thrown them when he answered another call—after which said bell boy forgot them as completely as if they had been dream trousers. During the intervening hours Gill was obliged to sit in his hotel room dressed only in underwear cut out his trousers, and swear in a rough, uncouth manner, that would have astonished a longshoreman, and he gained four pounds and a quarter—Chicago Tribune.

Each in His Own Way.

"Say, look here, I don't like to kick, but really I cannot be quiet any longer," said Every night somebody in your house keeps the piazza going or else starts the phonograph, and I find it impossible to get the sleep I need. Understand, I like you and your family as neighbors all right, generally speaking, and I'm sure you don't intend to, but it disagrees with me to have you act not thinking of the rights and the comforts of others. That's the trouble with most of us. We forget, when we are enjoying ourselves, that we may be making it mighty unpleasant for others."

"You're right, old man, and I don't blame you a bit for complaining. By the way, there is a little matter I have wanted to speak to you about for some time, but I've felt some delicacy in approaching the subject. Why is it that you let your roosters begin crowing along about daylight? They make it almost impossible for us to get the sleep we need, and why do you mow your lawn on Sunday mornings? Please understand that I don't deny you the right to spend your Sundays in any way you see fit, as long as you don't interfere with the rights and comforts of others, but this thing of starting in to rattle a lawn mower at 5 o'clock every Sunday morning—the one thing in the week in which the majority of people would like to sleep late—doesn't seem to me to indicate that you have much regard for your neighbors. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll compromise with you."

"What's your proposition?"

"I'll see that our music is stopped every night at 10 o'clock if you will keep your roosters and the lawn mower quiet until 7 every Sunday morning."

"O pshaw! There's no use talking to you. I had an idea you could listen to reason, but I see I was mistaken. Morning."

"Morning."

A Slip of the Tongue.

She was proverbially English when it came to making blunders, and when she'd theless her laughter always mingled with that of the others when she had let in the crowd perpetrated a witticism, for she was loath to admit that a clever remark was lost upon her.

"She's a pretty good bluffer," said a friend of the other day, "and some time she'll make a mistake and carry the bluff too far. How long she will be in this country I know an who gave a supper party in her uptown apartments this winter.

"A few days before she had been the guest of a luncheon given by one of the best known hostesses entertaining the distinguished guest, and the subject of conversation was the dishes served.

"Accordingly, when the waiter carried the first course—and a platter of meat was dropped on the floor, she made the smiling comment: 'That surely was a case of 'lapsus linguae,' and I wanted to tell you appreciated laugh. But still she waited. Then some one else volunteered the evidence. But the lady is still wondering what the trouble could have been.

"For the waiter had spilled a platter of beef."

What Scared Him.

Bacon—It is said a barber in Paris, to win a wager, entered a cage containing a lion and a man and composedly lathered the face of the latter and then the beast intelligently shaved the operation.

Egbert—I thought lions were afraid of nothing.

Bacon—Oh, yes, they are. He'd probably had some experience with that particular razor before!

Got His Head In.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into his house.

Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.

Good Memory.

"He never forgets a favor."

"Don't I know it? He did me a favor ten years ago and has been talking about it ever since."

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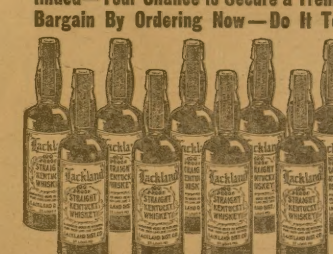

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Do you coughs spit yellow and bloody matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
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You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these dread symptoms. Don't neglect them or advance and develop, for there may be sound and serious your condition becomes.
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Pickled Peppers

He Was Honorable.

The fat man was entering a drug store, hat in hand and the sweat standing out on his brow, and wondering whether he would take lemonade or soda water, when he bumped against a man coming out and exclaimed:

"Sir, I'm glad to see you!"

"Yes?"

"You and I were riding on the same car about a month ago."

"It it possible?"

"At that time I was blaming the President for having used up $25,000 of the people's money in eleven months hooting around the country. I said he was recklessly extravagant and ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Yes, you said so."

"And I told you that I traveled a whole year once and only used up $600."

"Yes."

"And I said that Taft shouldn't be allowed half what he gets."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm an honorable man. When I make a mistake I am willing to rectify it. Taft is all right."

"Glad you think so."

"At the time I traveled a whole year for $600 pork chops were only 11 cents a pound. Now they are 20. That's where Taft's money went, and he's all right—all right!"

She Was Too Pretty.

"I want a hammock that will not break down," said the fair maid addressing the floorwalker of the department store.

"I'm sorry, miss," he rejoined, "but we haven't any stock that we could guarantee in your case."

"What do you mean by my case?" asked the young lady.

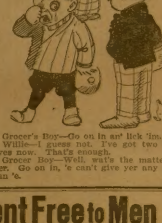
"I just this," answered the party of the floorwalker part: "If you were a homely girl we could guarantee any hammock you might select."

No Show for Towser.

Billy has reached the ripe age of 4 years. Miss Goodman was staying at his home recently, and one day served a fine chicken for dinner she laughingly said that, in the honors of the family, she liked to take the wing in her fingers and pick the bones. As she passed it to her little Billy looked on anxiously. Finally he said, politely, but with great earnestness:

"We thought we'd save the bones for Towser."

After the Scrap.



Grocer's Boy—Go on in an' lick 'im.

Willie—I guess not. I've got two black eyes now. That's enough.

Grocer Boy—Well, wat's the matter wit yer. Go on in, 'e can't give yer any more, can 'e.

The Come-Back.

Cook—Go away, you're a tramp.

Tramp—Just so! But I be. Tell, never forget that you, too, madam, are but a pan-handler.

Recklessness and Caution.

Robert S. Lovett, the new president of the Union Pacific, said of recklessness:

"Recklessness in finance doesn't pay, unless, indeed, it be the cautious kind of recklessness that Legler, the baker, was noted for.

"Legler, bent over his counter, working away with a pencil and a piece of wrapping paper, when Mrs. Liscum entered for a loaf of bread.

"Nothing on the paper a lot of familiar names, Mrs. Liscum said:

"'What are you figuring there, Mr. Legler?'

"'Well, ma'am,' says Legler, 'I'm just putting down the names of all my friends that I can lick.'

"'Why, Liscum's name there?' asked Mrs. Liscum.

"'Yes,' said the baker. 'Yes, I got it down.'

"Mrs. Liscum went home and told Harvey. He was enraged. He snatched his hat and hastened to the bakery.

"'Legler,' he shouted, 'is it true what my wife tells me—that I'm on the list of the men you can lick?'

"'Yes' said Legler, calmly. 'I've got you down, Mr. Liscum.'

"'Why, you little shrimp,' roared Liscum, 'I could wipe up the floor with you. I could eat you alive!'

"'Are you sure you could?' said the baker.

"'You bet I'm sure!' said Liscum, shaking his fist in Legler's face.

"'Well, then,' said the baker, sadly, 'I guess I'll cross you off the list.'"

Strenuous Maid.

The fresh drummer approached the old farmer who was sitting on an upturned tub sunning himself.

"Dearest pretty daughter you have," said the drummer, coldly. "Where has she been during the past year?"

"Up in a town college learning this here physical culture," responded the old man.

"And what has it been of any service to her?"

"I should say so, stranger. She has done up six chickens, a heifer, mowed four acres out of the yard and made two scrawny hired men run for their lives. She also makes a specialty of doing up fresh drummers, so I would advise you to move on."

And the fresh drummer moved.

Wise Little Girl.

Miss Mary Garden, at a tea at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, praised the skill of the modern corset maker.

"It is really wonderful," said Miss Garden, "what this artist can do. I have seen fat old women who, from certain aspects, looked like supple girls. It was the corset maker."

"And that reminds me of an answer that I heard in Sunday school when I was a little child.

"'What is it,' our superintendent asked, 'that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?'

"Our corset, sir,' piped a wise little girl of 5."—Judge.

Just as Good.

Mr. Jones—I'm going to ask the lady to remove her hat so we can all see the show.

Mr. Hyson—Oh, I think she hat has got the show beat.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood, and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged, I think myself, as he may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING combination ever used, and so cure himself at home, privately and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain envelope, entirely free of charge, a good many doctors would charge $5.00 to $10.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Registration applied for.

A NICE PROFESSOR.

When Prof. Watson took the stage at Ellsworth to ride over to Diamondville the innkeeper liked his looks and talk. He hadn't been in the village a day when we all liked his looks and talk.

He was a little, roily-poly man of 50 and gave out that he was a professor of metaphysics in a New England college. He carried a smile on his face that would have pulled a crocus out of the ground a month ahead of time.

In Diamondville lived the widow Steadman. She was 40 years old and well off. She was being courted by the town constable, who was an old bachelor.

It was said they were engaged, but the arrival of the very nice professor wrought a change.

In a week he had made her acquaintance and was calling on her. In a fortnight the nose of the town constable was out of joint.

The professor appeared to be in the best of health, but he claimed that metaphysics had broken him down and that he had come to the village for rest.

The constable was called stupid as an officer—goodhearted, but stupid. We hadn't risen him up correctly as to the stupid part. As soon as he discovered that he was being thrown down he began to study the professor.

He wrote to half a dozen colleges, and was told that they had never heard of the man. By accident he got hold of a paper that put him on the right trail. He went up to the city and had a talk with the police.

We noticed the air of importance put on, and his absence for a day now and then, but suppose he had attack the hot trail of the man who had stolen the six hens from Dancing Scott. That constable, as it turned out, and as the widow Steadman afterward remarked, was "the awfulest and terriflest detective on earth," and we had failed to do him justice.

One June day the stage from the railroad rolled in, and its cargo consisted of 11 women. They might have been said to be of all ages, sexes and colors.

As the vehicle halted at the inn Prof. Watson sat on the veranda. He was put under arrest by a detective and the constable as he sat, but he got on his feet and raised his hat 11 different times to the 11 females. Some came out at sight of him—some smiled—some shed tears.

After replacing his hat, the professor shook hands with the 11, beginning at the head of the line and saying:

"My dear, your name is Hannah, if I remember right, and though your call is unexpected you are nevertheless welcome."

Then he took up the case of Jane, Betsey, Mary and so on. Every woman there was his wife, and a wife he had abandoned, and yet he carried that smile and his nerve right through it.

He was taken to jail, and the jailer said he was one of the nicest men he had ever met. The offense had a case against him bigger'n a house. He had married girls, spinsters, widows and old women. One of the victims was 65 years old.

He had got money from some of them, but it didn't seem as if that was his motive as he explained it:

"Why, I just fell in love, and she fell in love, and we were married. Really, I didn't know I had married so many."

And when the women were asked to explain, they answered:

"Why, he's such a very, very nice man that he couldn't help it. He's just too sweet for anything."

And would you believe it, the widow Steadman, who would have made the twelfth, was the first to send him a bouquet and her sympathies after he had been locked up?

The professor hadn't gone far afield. He had done all his marrying within a radius of 200 miles. He had made a wife-killed husband while it lasted. He had painted kitchen floors, washed dishes and whitewashed cellars.

Yes, the officers thought they had him dead to rights, but they soon learned to the contrary. Only one woman of the 11 was willing to swear against the man.

The county had the whole gang on its hands to feed and board. They were held in detention for six weeks, but they never wavered. Yes, he was their husband, but why prosecute such a nice man and send him away to prison.

The wife who was willing to do it was an old maid, and so bony and homely as to excite remark. "For a time," she was fierce to send the little man to a place where the dogs couldn't bite him. None of the others would speak to her. She was sent for by the professor. When she arrived at his cell he determined that his calcery should not move her. He looked at his brute for and said:

"Birdie, you can't find it in your heart to do it. You are too noble and generous. If I hadn't seen the nobility of your character in your face I should never have trusted my happiness in your keeping."

"Then you forgive me?" she replied with tears in her eyes.

"Alas, sweet wife, that you should believe so; it was metaphysics that did it. I thought and thought until I lost my identity. I wandered away as some one else. I never remembered that I had been married before. Such a heart, such a sweetheart, such a thing could never have happened."

"There are 11 of us here."

"Yes, and I wish there 22. I wish it so that I could tell you that I didn't care 2 cents for the other 21."

"And you love me yet?"

"As my own little self. How can I help it? If I can get rid of you I will go far away together and live in a bower of roses."

She believed him and fell on his neck and wept. He was so very, very nice that she had to believe.

He had a slightly different tale for the others, but it was full of remorse, regret and promises for the future. They went down before him like ninepins. When the trial was at last called not one of the 11 was complaining.

When put on the stand as witnesses they were so good. They perjured themselves, but they wriggled and twisted and made all sorts of excuses for the man, and the jury had to strain a point to convict him. He got a sentence of three years, and before being taken to prison he had interviews with the 11 in succession, and to each and every one he said:

"Never mind, darling. Three years will soon pass away, and then we will be with each other again, to part never more."

And the constable didn't marry the widow Steadman. She said he wasn't such a little bit nice, and that it was none of his business how many wives the very, very nice Prof. Watson had.

No Change Coming.

Mr. Laverty had his first day off in seven years recently and decided to take advantage of it by moving in "high society." For seven years he had toiled early and late for the United Gas Improvement Company. In those seven years, Mr. Laverty had dug many a mile of ditch and after the insertion of a small pipe had diligently filled them up again. Hence he had little time to mingle with the elite in those years; hence also the pride and glory of his new suit when he strolled into Greene & Boyd that morning.

To be sure he felt out of place among the "swells" he saw there, but he wouldn't show it if he could help it. A neighbor at the bar ordered a cocktail, and Mr. Laverty when asked his choice by the white-coated gentleman behind the bar merely nodded his head toward his neighbor's glass and said: "Give me one av thim."

As the drink was in course of preparation he laid a silver quarter on the bar and stood ready for the beverage. As the barkeeper set down the drink he swept Mr. Laverty's quarter up with the other hand and put it in the register. Mr. Laverty drank his "one av thim" and stood patiently at the bar fully twenty minutes before the barkeeper took further notice of him; but when asked if he wanted another Mr. Laverty shook his head.

"Are you waiting for anything?" the barkeeper asked him some ten minutes later.

"I am waiting for me change."

"You have no change coming," answered the barkeeper, striving to suppress a smile, "mixed drinks are all 25 cents here."

"I wonder how he knowed I was a Mick," said Laverty, as he left the bar.

"Mick's drinks a quarter; be golly I wish I was Dutch."

Fault of the Recipe.

Mr. Receivmarrie (who has plunged a spoon into dish, preparatory to helping to the pudding)—Why, Mary, I feel some hard, smooth, round things in the dish; I wonder what they can be?

Mrs. Receivmarrie—Why, they're the eggs, John; there are six, just as the recipe says.

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6766—Princess Dress, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 yards 21 or 36, or 3 yards 58 inches wide, with 3 yards of silk for the yoke, 5 yards of banding and 1 yard of velvet.

6768—Semi-Princess Stayed Corset, 24 to 34 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, with ¾ yard of velvet, ¾ yard of lace 18 inches wide, and 1 yard of boning.

6739—Child's Simple Bronzed Coat, 4 to 8 yrs. The quantity of material required for the 6-year size is ¾ yard 54 or 27, 1¼ yards 44 or 1¾ yards 36 inches wide.

6743—Fancy Waist, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2¾ yards 21 or 36, 1¾ yards 44 or 1¼ yards 58 inches wide, with 1¼ yards 18 or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide for yoking.

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6436—Girl's Box-Plaited Dress, 4 to 10 years. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4¾ yards 36 or 27, 3¼ yards 42 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for bands.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here it the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons like the ones you have to do so to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to select the ones you will be entitled to a new pattern free. These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, and how to make and trimming. We have arranged with no agents at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for the paper so they can get the patterns. We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No women should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
20 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

I enclose herewith one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

Please send me Five Pattern Coupons.

NAME.....

Street No. or R. F. D.....

Town.....

State.....

Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.

Box.....

NOTE—If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number).

SEND FOR ANY TIME.

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read About It.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Good Hunting.

Rex used to hunt sparrows in the streets of his native town of Montclair, N. J. Since the day when the sparrows turned the tables on him and became the hunters on their own account, Rex has lost his taste for birds. He will not even eat the leavings of a chicken dinner.

Rex is a little dog, little and spry enough to hop up into the carriage that his owner drives. When he gets in the carriage Rex goes over the cushions, in one jump and lands on the back of the horse, who is used to it by this time and does not complain at being made into a gymnasium. When Rex sees sparrows in the street he jumps down from the horse's back and chases them. That is he used to do that. He does not now. He jumped down one day not long ago and routed a great number of birds that were in the street. He did not catch any of them, but he never cared about that. All he wanted was to chase them. He jumped back to the carriage and on the horse's back again, and then the birds came for him. The whole flock attacked him with claws and beaks. Rex tumbled off the horse and tried to fight back, but the sparrows were tired of being chased by a little dog and they gave him his punishment. There might not have been much left of him if his master had not stopped the horse and entered the fight with his whip. The doctor that Rex was taken to found dozens of little holes in Rex's skin where the birds' beaks had bit, and he said that Rex would have to get along with only one eye after this. When Rex sees sparrows now he closes his good eye, and then he is not tempted to chase them.

A Menagerie.

Away out in Oklahoma, where the Indians come from, there is a man that does not care much about ordinary pet animals and has therefore raised pets that are not ordinary. He has a pig with five legs and a chicken with only one leg. He has a sparrow that has been taught to talk like a parrot. Most wonderful of all, he has a lion whose heart is outside its chest. If he could get a two-headed boy he could start a circus sideshow.

A SUPPOSITION.

Suppose the sun should turn around and shine by night instead of day.
Then boys and girls could sleep till tea
And still have all the night for play.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose a glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away";
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has no little strength.
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

Table Repartee.

"You look rather hollow and long-faced," remarked the fork.
"No wonder," rejoined the spoon. "Who is oftener in the soup, I'd like to know?"

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with torture—feeling only one desire of bitter trouble; they think it is a rheumatic crutch. I would say they probably, not considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved at once, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean).

All readers of The Chicago Ledger who have such friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, ranks of the famous New York hospitals, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has found a new kidney formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of The Chicago Ledger saw the above clipping from the Inter-Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers The Chicago Ledger readers a free treatment. Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free trial treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positively wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once both the medical advice and the treatment are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, The Chicago Ledger, feels that with such a fine offer anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER. And remember that instead of getting an ordinary pamphlet, you get the personal advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists in these diseases. See Free Treatment Certificate at bottom of this page and get relief right away.

STOP!

STOP THAT BACK BREAKING, TWISTING, TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—**stop that pain RIGHT NOW!**

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment---

a REAL Free Proof Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—*immediately* after starting the treatment. It is so *simple*, so mild, yet so scientific and so *sure*—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Certificate Below—sign it and send it today. NO MONEY—NO OBLIGATION. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine *free* treatment by America's and Europe's *leading* specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free *to convince the public.*

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains) then *it's your fault* if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says, free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine, all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the famous New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases, but I must honestly confess, in respect to profit at others' expense, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most complete and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the limit of generosity to do so much for his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

WATCH These Symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of uric acid disease:

The Symptoms

1—*Pain in the back.*
2—*Too frequent desire to urinate.*
3—*Burning pain in urine.*
4—*Pain or soreness in the bladder.*
5—*Prostatic trouble.*
6—*Gas or pain in the stomach.*
7—*General debility, weakness, dizziness.*
8—*Constipation or liver trouble.*
9—*Pain or soreness under right rib.*
10—*Swelling in any part of the body.*
11—*Palpitation or pain around the heart.*
12—*Pain in the hip joint.*
13—*Pain in the neck or head.*
14—*Pain or soreness in the kidneys.*
15—*Pain or soreness in the joints.*
16—*Pain or weakness of the muscles.*
17—*Pain and soreness in nerves.*
18—*Acute or chronic rheumatism.*

NOW THEN, This Certificate is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Send no money—read the certificate—note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see sufferer cured—write at once and get free treatment.

JUST Your Name

AND ADDRESS AND THE SYMPTOMS

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligation whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Write for the Free Treatment.

REMEMBER—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free proof treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today; at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 4132 Occidental Building, CHICAGO

PS—If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble of other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

FREE Certificate

Write in Your Name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give numbers from lists above—that is all.

What is Your Age?..... Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just name the symptoms and be sure to give your name and address correctly. No obligation whatever. Dr. Lynott will send the FREE proof treatment at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate and get TREATMENT. Address personally

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
4132 Occidental Bldg. Chicago, Ill.